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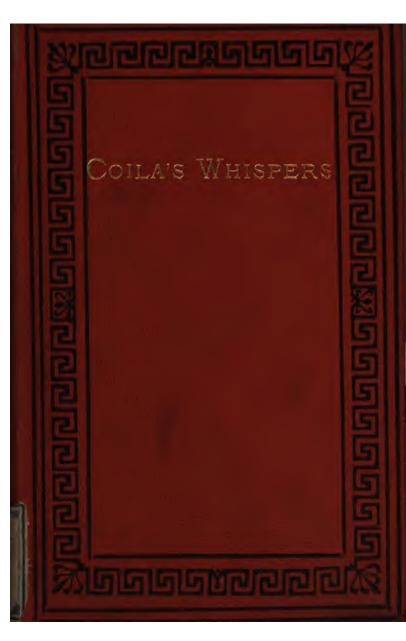
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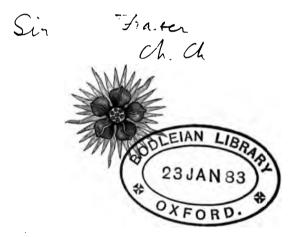
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# COILA'S WHISPERS

BY

### THE KNIGHT OF MORAR

THE SECOND EDITION



F. HARVEY, 4 ST. JAMES'S STREET LONDON

1872

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#### ΣΕΛΗΝΗ.

GAZING on hill-tops, Pale in the light Shed o'er the silent world In the blue night, Creeping in sadness, Weeping, I saw Her whom from Heaven Passion can draw; Silent and sad. Silent and lonely, Goddess, her love she gives, Gives to one only; Pure is her love, the rays Cold on his slumbers Rest, while his matted curls Gently she numbers: Wake him not, silver rays, Break not his smiling! Dreams from this saddest world His soul beguiling: Softly she kisses him, Breathes through his lips; Leaves from the myrtle tree Tenderly strips;

Lays them, with longing look,
In his pale breast,
Ne'er to whose beating heart
Has she been pressed:
Fainter the light; the sad
Goddess is gone;
Hill-tops in darkness fade;
I am alone.

### \*Επος πτέροεν.

They err who would persuade us
That a long since uttered word,
Though the lips no more upbraid us,
And the voice is no more heard.

Can cease to wake emotion,
When recalled in Memory's train;
We may drink of LETHE's potion,
But we ever drink in vain.

As wounds in battle given,
Scarcely felt when blood is hot,
So hearts may yet be riven,
Though at first we know it not;

The Soldier recks them lightly,
And laurels fresh may win;
Though his guiding Star shine brightly,
Yet he feels the wounds within.

So, rankling deep within us, By a bitter memory stirred, Nor Time nor Joy can win us From that unforgiven word.

### A TALE OF THE LIGHT INFANTRY.

You ask for an old Man's story,
The tale of a soldier's life;
And why I am here alone, my boy,
And why I've no child, nor wife:

Then heap the firewood cheerly, For my palsied limbs are chill, While Memory shows me clearly The story of Good and Ill.

This is not my native place, my boy, I hither came from far; When, a young recruit, I here fell ill, In the cottage where now we are. An angel in Woman's form
Watched long by my bed of pain;
I loved, as many have loved before,
And many will love again.

But a soldier's lot was mine,
And I could not linger here;
We vowed; and we both have kept our word
Through many a weary year.

I sailed for a foreign shore:

I thought of her day and night;

Till we saw the baffled host of FRANCE
From TORRES VEDRAS' height.

We chased that bloody pack
Of wolves to their far-off den,
For they murdered the nursing Mother,
And her child, and the aged men.

An iron soul had CRAUFURD,
Our Chief, and within his breast
Burned the fire that makes men Heroes,
And will not let them rest:

He called for the gallant few,
For the "Hope Forlorn" he cried;
And I stood with my heart elate,
By that glorious soldier's side.

He gave the word to advance;
The signal the bugler blew;
We pressed to the breach with measured tread,
Though the grape-shot round us flew.

His voice, on that deadly night,
Still cheered us as on we strove;
Though volleys rolled, and the storm was hot,
His voice was heard above;

"Come on, my men!" was his shout, As he stood on the shattered wall; And the light of battle shone on his face, Like a joyous festival.

The taken city yields;
The wine-cup freely flows;
In the Soldier's weary heart
Once more the life-blood glows.

But where is he, whose mind

Has guided us long and well;

Who made our name the first in fame,

Whose glory we loved to tell?

No more shall the Soldier's ear Grow glad at his gentle voice; No more shall the Soldier's heart In his kindling eye rejoice. On a bier by the Altar High,
In that old cathedral's gloom,
He lay till the men whom he led to Fame
Should bear him to his tomb.

Not in the mouldering vault

Does he wait the trumpet's call;

He lies alone, in the breach he won,

Of old RODRIGO'S wall.

Still toil for the Soldier worn:

The flying foe we pressed;
Scant food, and many a weary league,
Till we longed for the graveyard's rest:

At last the wolf was forced

To stand to the hounds at bay;

And we piled the plain with heaps of slain,

On SALAMANCA'S day.

As the clouds of evening broke
O'er the scattered host of France,
I turned my eyes to the northern sky,
For a flying Frenchman's lance

Had pierced my breast, and I fell,
As I thought, to rise no more;
Though my face was blanched, yet the nightwind staunched
My wounds, and healing bore:

As I lay with each stiffening limb,
On the blood-besprinkled ground,
Above the random shots
I heard a fearful sound:

It seemed to my 'wildered sense, Like a dying woman's shriek, To my fainting brain as though My name she tried to speak:

And as my ear I strained

To those awful, stifled cries
Of a voice I seemed to know,
A pair of mournful eyes

Looked down with longing grief,
But then a radiance shone,
And a strain of Heavenly music came,
And I seemed no more alone.

Those eyes still led me on,
As I traced my homeward way,
Till I came to yonder town,
At the rosy dawn of day.

A crowd was gathered there, In the quaint old market-place, And a scaffold, and there a man With a ghastly, upturned face. "Who is the wretch that dies
"This lovely summer's morn?"
"Tis he who murdered the girl." "What girl?"—
I heard no more; but borne

To a bed, where fever long
My wasting body burned:
I lived; but my heart was dead
From that day when her fate I learned.

Once more to the field of fight
I marched, but not for glory,
'Twas death I sought, but no bullet brought
An end to my hopeless story.

On the weary miles of march,
By the camp-fire's flashing light,
Those eyes still gleamed above,
Nor left me day or night:

When the steel-clad squadrons charged,
And the cannon ploughed the ground,
When the air was thick with the smell of blood,
Above I heard that sound.

Those eyes looked down with praise, When my comrades fell, and alone I knelt unmoved at WATERLOO; But the eyes still brighter shone, When the burst of sunlight came,
And we rushed on the foe at last;
She whispered, "Fame, and a deathless name
"Are thine!" as her spirit passed.

My tale is done, my boy,

And the morn begins to break;
O'er yonder hill, where the heather blooms,
I see the grey light's streak.

The bed that I next shall press Is cold, a couch of clay; 'Tis the spot that, year by year, I have knelt upon each day.

Leave me! those eyes are there! She breathes Love's deathless tone; She offers me Love's Martyr-Crown; Leave me to die alone!

NOTE.—An iron soul had CRAUFURD.—The following account of CRAUFURD's death may be interesting; it was sent to me by the late Sir JAMES SHAW KENNEDY, K. C. B., his aide-de-camp on the night of the storm.

Bath, June 13, 1861.

SIR W---,

In reference to your letter to me from PARIS, and according to your request, I now proceed to give you some account of General CRAUFURD'S death.

CIUDAD RODRIGO was stormed on the 19th January, 1812. There were two breaches reported practicable on that day;

the greater destined to be assaulted by the 3rd Division, commanded by General PICTON, the lesser by the Light Division, commanded by General CRAUFURD. The 3rd Division was in the trenches, and the Light Division and PACK'S Brigade were ordered to march from the village which they occupied, to take part in the assault. For this purpose the Light Division crossed to AGUEDA, by a ford three miles above RODRIGO, and marched from that ford by a considerable circuit to approach the place.

CRAUFURD, having placed the Light Division near to the Convent of SAN FRANCISCO, made his dispositions for the Division's assaulting the lesser breach at 7 o'clock, p.m. About that hour the Division advanced to the assault in the following order: Three companies of the Rifles moved to the right to enter the ditch between the greater and lesser breaches, and the main columns, consisting of the 43rd and 52nd Regiments and part of the Rifles, marched directly for the lesser breach, preceded by a "Forlorn Hope" under Lieut. GURWOOD, and 300 men as a storming party under Major The 43rd and 52nd Regiments were formed in columns of sections, and were abreast of each other. The 43rd formed the right hand column of sections, the 52nd the left hand column of sections. The 43rd was formed right in front, the 52nd left in front. The 43rd was ordered on entering the breach to proceed in its column of sections along the rampart towards the greater breach, the 52nd in the opposite direction towards the SALAMANCA Gate. Thus the 43rd, when it wheeled to the right, and the 52nd to the left, when on the rampart, would form line facing the town. The leading sections of the 43rd and 52nd Regiments, it will be observed, were abreast of each other, they were led respectively by Lieut.-Colonel MACLEOD and Lieut.-Colonel COLBORNE, the commanders of those regiments, who in their advance followed up closely the Storming Party.

While the column, as above described, advanced to the assault, General CRAUFURD, keeping to the left of the column,

proceeded directly to the crest of the glacis, about sixty yards to the left of where the column entered the ditch, and from that spot, at the highest pitch of his voice, continued giving instructions to the column. This brought upon him an intense fire of musketry from the enemy's troops, that lined the opposite parapets of the Fausse Braie and Ramparts, and at a very short distance, for the Ditch of the Fausse Braie was very narrow, and even the main ditch was very narrow, and the place had no Covered Way. He was thus exposed to a double fire of infantry at a very short distance; the superior slope of the parapet of the Fausse Braie being in the same line as the slope of the glacis, he could not remain many minutes where he was without being hit. Accordingly, he was struck by a musket ball, which passed through his arm, broke through the ribs, passed through a part of the lungs, and lodged in or at the spine; and he not only fell, but the shock was so great that on falling he rolled over down the glacis. There was not a soul with him but myself; there was no one even near to us. I immediately took hold of him, and half dragged and half carried him to where there was an inequality of ground in which he was out of the direct fire from the place. After lying for a few minutes in this situation, he said to me that he was mortally wounded, and that he felt that he was dying. I expressed my grief that he had such a feeling, and a hope that he was mistaken; in answer to which he reiterated his opinion that he was dying. I then asked him if I could do anything for him; to this he replied that I could not, as all his affairs were fully settled. I then asked him if he had anything to communicate to Lord WELLINGTON; after considering a little, he said that he did not recollect anything that he had to communicate to Lord WEL-LINGTON, and that there was only one thing I could do for him. which was to "say to Mrs. CRAUFURD that he was quite sure that they would meet in Heaven." After this he lay for some time quiet and without speaking. Recovering himself in some measure from this quiet, he said that he felt a little

better. I then proposed to attempt to raise him, and that, if possible, he should proceed to the suburb. To this he agreed, and leaning heavily upon me, he succeeded in getting to the Convent of SAN FRANCISCO: on our approach to which we met a medical officer of the Rifles, who made inquiry as to the wound, and thought that the arm alone was injured, and he pointed out the place in the SAN FRANCISCO where General CRAUFURD should be taken for examination. There he was taken and examined by some medical officers. During that examination I had gone to look for a house to which he might be taken, and on my return met one of the surgeons who had examined the wounds; he said that the wounds were so serious as to leave no hope of the General's life being preserved. From the SAN FRANCISCO he was removed to a house very near to it.

General CRAUFURD was wounded at, say, eight o'clock, p,m., on the 19th, and died at, say, ten o'clock, a.m., on the 24th, that is, he lived one hundred and ten hours after being wounded; during which time, I regret to say, his sufferings were very great indeed, arising from feverish irritation and great difficulty in breathing. He was not without hope of recovery, but expressed a wish that if death was to be the consequence of his wounds it might occur speedily, as his sufferings were very great. By accident I met Lord WELLING-TON at the SALAMANCA Gate, on the morning of the 20th, and he asked most anxiously for CRAUFURD; I gave him an unfavourable account of his state. His lordship called afterwards and saw CRAUFURD, and they conversed together for some CRAUFURD congratulated Lord WELLINGTON on the great advantage he had gained by taking CIUDAD RODRIGO, to which his Lordship replied something in these words: "Yes, "a great blow; a great blow, indeed!"

The funeral of General CRAUFURD took place on the 25th, the grave being near to the breach; Lord WELLINGTON, Marshal BERESFORD, General CASTANOS, and the Head Quarter Staff were present. The ground was kept by the 5th

Division: the escort consisted of the whole of the Light Division."

The following facts from the account of the Battle of TALA-VERA show CRAUFURD'S right to be called a great commander.

"On the 29th July, (1809,) GENERAL ROBERT CRAU-FURD reached the English camp with the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Regiments; these troops, after a march of twenty miles, were in bivouac near MALPARTIDA DE PLASENCIA, when the alarm caused by the Spanish fugitives spread to that part. CRAUFURD allowed the men to rest for a few hours, and then, withdrawing about fifty of the weakest from the ranks, commenced his march with the resolution not to halt until he reached the field of battle. In twenty-six hours the Brigade crossed the field of battle in a close and compact body, leaving only seventeen stragglers behind, having in that time passed over sixtytwo English miles, and in the hottest season of the year, each man carrying from fifty to sixty pounds' weight on his shoulders." —Napier's Peninsular War, Ed. 1838, vol. ii. p. 400.

CRAUFURD was stern and strict, and, being impetuous in manner and not very ceremonious in language when excited, many of his subordinate officers disliked him; but with the private soldiers he was universally popular, as he always looked to their comforts and treated them justly, while he maintained rigid discipline. Punishment parades were a source of great annoyance to him, and the necessity of superintending one ruffled his temper for the whole day. The following characteristic anecdote is related in Costello's "Adventures" of a Rifleman. There can be no doubt of its authenticity, as the retailer was an eye-witness. He says:—

"I happened to be on guard one day when General CRAUFURD came riding in from the front with his orderly dragoon, as was his usual custom, when two of our men (Rifles), one of them a corporal, came running out of a house with some bread which they had stolen from the Spaniards; they were pursued by a Spanish woman, crying lustily, 'Ladrone, ladrone; thief, thief.' They were immediately pursued by the general and his orderly, the bread was given back to the woman, and the men were placed in the guardhouse.

"The next day they were tried by a brigade court-martial, and brought out to a wood near the town for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the brigade-major had finished reading the proceedings of the court-martial, General Craufurd commenced lecturing both men and officers on the nature of their cruelty to the harmless inhabitants, as he called the Spaniards. He laid particular stress on our regiment, who, he said, committed more crimes than the whole of the British army. 'Besides, you think,' said he, 'because you are riflemen, and more exposed to the enemy's fire than other regiments, that you are to rob the inhabitants with impunity, but while I command you, you shall not.' Then, turning round to the corporal, who stood in the centre of the square, he said, with a stern voice, 'Strip, sir!'

"The corporal, whose name was MILES, never uttered a word until tied up to a tree, when, turning his head round as far as his situation would allow, and seeing the General pacing up and down the square, he said, 'General CRAUFURD, I hope you will forgive me.' The General replied, 'No, sir, your crime is too great.' The poor corporal, whose sentence was to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, and to receive a punishment of one hundred and fifty lashes, and the other man two hundred, then addressed the General to the following effect:—

""Do you recollect, sir, when you and I were taken prisoners, when under the command of General WHITELOCKE at BUENOS AYRES. We were marched with a number of others to a sort of pound surrounded by a wall. There was a well

in the centre, out of which I drew water with my mess-tin, by means of canteen straps I collected from the men who were prisoners like myself. You sat on my knapsack. I parted my last biscuit with you. You then told me you would never forget my kindness to you; it is now in your power, sir. You know how short we have been of rations for some time.'

"These words were spoken by the corporal in a mild and respectful accent, which not only affected the General, but the whole square. The bugler, who stood waiting to commence the punishment, close to the corporal, received the usual nod from the bugle-major to begin. The first lash the corporal received, the General started, and, turning himself round, said. 'What's that? what's that? who taught that bugler to flog? Send him to drill, send him to drill; he cannot flog. Stop, stop. Take him down, take him down. I remember it well, I remember it well;' while he paced up and down the square, muttering to himself words that I could not catch. at the same time blowing his nose and wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide the emotion that was evident to the whole battalion. While untying the corporal, a dead silence prevailed for some time until our gallant General recovered a little his noble feelings, when he uttered with a broken accent, 'Why does a brave soldier like you commit these crimes?' Then, beckoning to his orderly to bring his horse, he mounted and rode off. It is needless to say that the other man also was pardoned, and in a few days the corporal was restored to his rank."

Such was he as a general: I have known those who have described him as a man; burning with the never-to-bequenched and restless fire of Genius. The home which his imagination idealized when away from it, became intolerable when reached; his lovely wife and his children, to whom he was passionately devoted, failed to keep the man of action and of thought long from scenes where his greatness blazed and dazzled in its course.

Profoundly scientific, and chivalrously brave, he combined in the highest degree those glorious qualities by which the great soldiers of Scotland, the Paladins of Spain, made their names deathless.

CRAUFURD'S last address to the column, ere he placed himself at the very head of the "Forlorn Hope," was characteristic of the man: he thus advanced to almost certain death that he might see all done well: his words are Homeric in their terseness, fire, and wisdom. "Soldiers!" said he, "the eyes of your country are upon you. Be steady; be cool; be firm in the assault! The town must be yours this night. Once masters of the wall, let your first duty be to clear the ramparts; in doing this keep well together."

His bust is now before me: the extreme gentleness of his broad, massive brow, the hair parted in the centre, in the style of the portraits of HOCHE and MOREAU, contrasts startlingly with the unrelenting determination of his lips; the face of one who ponders long and justly, then acts with a will more resistless than the thunderbolt. The lines to which this note is appended, the first I wrote, are a tribute to a relation, dead long before my birth, who has always filled my ideal of a hero.—M.

### W. M. T.

THE fog is dank in ROTTEN ROW,

The sun a disc of dingy red;

"How are you?" "How d'ye do?" "No news

"Is there?" "Yes, THACKERAY is dead."

A breathless gallop to his door;

The footman for a moment pales;

"They're searching for the cause of death "Upstairs; I've TAKEN UP THE SCALES."

Ironic Fate! fell humour thine!

The brain, but yesterday that glowed
And glittered in the air of Wit,

Has left its fifty years' abode:

NOTE.—PVE TAKEN UP THE SCALES.—Since the first edition of this volume I have been asked so many questions as to these lines, that I give a short narrative of what happened on the day after THACKERAY'S death.

Riding in HYDE PARK I heard of the event, and at once proceeded to his house at KENSINGTON. The footman with a scared face told me that the *post mortem* was going on, and added that he had just taken up the kitchen scales, in order to weigh his master's brains.

Was not this in the fitness of things? was it not a worthy end for the great preacher on the Emptiness of Life?—M.

A world his penstrokes watch yestreen;
Last night a film of tissue fails:
"How many ounces weighs his brain?"
And then, "I'VE TAKEN UP THE SCALES."

Oh, deeply-cutting workman dead!
Oh, mighty mind gone from our gaze!
Oh, childlike heart! oh, priest of Truth!
Sky-piercing marble let us raise!
Oh, judgment-giving king! while Truth
To poise the rolling world avails,
Say from thy tomb, "With giant's grasp,
"Of men I've taken up the Scales."

When, millions of dead ages gone,
Thy glorious spirit shall arise,
And listen to the thunder-peals,
And watch the lightnings of the skies;
Then, when the spheres their music cease,
While Silence o'er all space prevails,
Hear, undismayed, the Eternal Voice
Pronounce, "I've taken up the Scales!"

#### EXETER.

A SUMMER'S afternoon: a sultry sun: Listless, and waiting in the empty street, I looked upon, and entered that old Hall. Quaint, gabled, and begrimed with time-shed dust: A silent crowd; above, the painted shades Of Soldiers, Statesmen, Priests, who on the world Have gazed with quiet smile two hundred years. At the far end, beneath the sun-pierced glass, A red-robed Judge; the Jury at the side; And, in the midst, the black and careless rows Of Lawyers: one, who spoke with many a jibe Against the prisoner; who told that he Had paid for a great Poet's greatest work With forged notes; who smiled, and showed his teeth. Large, regular, and white, and made contrast Between the youth, (whose guilt indeed was clear,) And the great Poet. Soon the judge his robe Folded, and gave his Sentence: For twelve years He must quit life, Life, Love, and kindred souls. I passed through the hot crowd; and on the steps By which the Jury mounted to their seat, A woman wept; old, poorly-clothed, alone. Who was she? I asked not; her voiceless grief Told me: and so I passed into the street, White, sultry, empty, in the summer's sun.

# " The Earth hath Bubbles."—SHAKSPERE.

A MIDDLE-AGED youth,
To describe him with truth,
A renowned Photographical shader,
Built up a balloon,
That should land on the Moon,
And from thence reach the Zenith and Nadir.

- "The Nassau's a bubble,
- " Its size I will double,
  - "Silk, cordage, and car in proportion;
- " And a Ballonette there,
- " Au dessous de sa mère,
  - "We will hang as a measure of caution."

To start is decided,
All things are provided,
Guns, pistols, and swords without number;
And beads, too, to sell
To each lunatic belle,
Cherry Brandy, and Ale of STOGUMBER.

### "The Earth hath Bubbles."

24

To see this parader,
His patronym Nadar,
More bold than Marlbrook or than Sarsfield,
Did an Emperor ride,
With a King by his side,
And all Paris collected on Mars' field

What rushing and shouting,
And little boys routing,
And heralds with green and gold tabards;
With Troops of the Line
Carabiniers so fine,
With their belts, and cuirasses, and scabbards!

Now all is prepared,
Eight persons have dared
In the wickerwork cabin to enter;
And one, a Princess,
Who to 'scape from a mess,
That she's got into, hazards the venture.

The band plays a tune,

"Au clair de la Lune,"

Left below is each gaping Parisian:

Each says, "Well, this time

"The sight is sublime!"

Ev'n the gamin forgets his derision.

The Earth left behind,
They are borne on the wind,
With a soft imperceptible motion;
Thousand miles in an hour
Is the pace that they scour:
"Hilloh! what's this? why, bless us, the Ocean!

- "Get out the Great Chart,
- "Where are we? bless my heart!"

  Each optic grows wider and wider;
- " Instead of approaching
- " The Islands of Cochin,
  - "This is clearly the ZEE that's called ZUYDER.
- " How very unpleasant!
- " I fear, that at present.
  - "To land on the moon I can't flatter all:
- " No soul would I nobble,
- "But we're seeming to wobble
  - "With a motion decidedly lateral.
- "'Tis clear we must stop;
- " The anchor let drop;
  - "We're flying due north by the binnacle;
- " As if our far goal
- "Were to perch on the Pole,
  - " Or to rest on an iceberg's sharp pinnacle.

- "There's a sturdy Dutch steeple,
- "With Vrauleins and people,
  - "So Princess, endeavour to hitch it
- "'Neath the wing of the cock;
- " Never mind if the shock
  - "'Mid the crowd on the pavement should pitch it:
- "You have missed: too much cable:
- " Haul in if you're able:
  - "Ah! too late; poor unfortunate burgher!
- " You should really not laugh,
- " For you've cut him in half:
  - " For our ship, waves will quickly submerge her."

The ballast is shifting,

Now madly they're drifting,

Earth quickly flies upward to meet them:

Trees and roofs seem to plan

To catch them who can:

While they dodge up and down to defeat them.

The hurricane whirling,
Like thunderbolt hurling,
Crash! crash! bolts and girding-bands quiver;
'Gainst a housetop they knock,
Nor recover the shock,
Ere they're soused neck and crop in a river.

But this game it must tend,
Like all games, to an end,
And that end they're aware is the Ocean:
For they've now reached the sand
That's by Heligoland,
No escape from a salt-water potion.

"So at once for a jump:

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- "What a terrible bump!
  "I've left half my body behind me!
- " And where's the Princess?
- "Gone ten miles off! I guess,
  - " Pauvres diables / they'll puzzle to find me.
- "The Balloon is a smash;
- "Never mind, I've my cash,
  - "Besides, too, my name's celebration;
- " So before they have told
- " How blind they've been sold,
  - " I'll write my own tale to ' The Nation.'"

## THE BATTLE-FIELD.

NIGHT had passed wearily; cold was the morn; Longingly, lovingly, for her First-born Seeks in the grey light a mother forlorn:

Stark, 'mid the heatherbells, dreamless they sleep; Watchfully, wonderingly, scans she each heap; Heartwrung by Destiny, she does not weep:

Struck in the death-struggle, dew-wrapped he lies, Earth-soiled those golden locks; stone-like, his eyes Gaze, as in wonderment, up at the skies.

Bending down soothingly, softly her kiss Rests on those faded lips; 'twas but for this Sought she the battle-field, only for this!

# "Αρκτοθεν.

Twelve moons have shone o'er us Since sadly we turned From the night-wind that bore us The voice of the mourned; The mourned whom we left
On the cold briny shore;
Of hoping bereft
We shall see them no more:

We talk of them nightly, And daily their name Is spoken not lightly; For icy breath came,

And clasped us in close
And in deadly embrace;
We shall ere long repose
With the snow on our face:

Our eyes shall not stare
At the pitiless sky,
For a hand will be there
That shall watch when we die;

No hand for the last, Who shall linger and see Our souls, one by one, From their prison set free:

For a time we shall float
On the black rolling waves,
To the far-groaning note
Of the ice in its caves:

Then sink in the deep, In the fathomless sea; Where the slimy ones creep, Shall our resting-place be.

## LAYS OF LONDON.

I.

#### HYDE PARK.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE KNIGHT.

## An Idpli.

GIVE ear, oh ye SAXONS and CELTS, to my tale!
I mourn not the dead, nor the wounded bewail;
I sing a short song; 'tis the History true
Of a SHEPHERD in Red, and a bold KNIGHT in Blue.

NOTE.—On Sunday the 5th of October, 1862, a senseless Meeting being held in HYDE PARK in honour of GARIBALDI, an organized attack on it was made by a large number of paid IRISH. The whole affair was clumsily arranged with a view to show that ENGLAND was divided on the subject of ITALY. The *Dramatis Personæ* are CARDINAL WISEMAN and SIR RICHARD MAYNE, the Chief of the Metropolitan Police.

This and some other occasional pieces appeared in a morning newspaper.

Now the Shepherd in Red had a flock of fine Sheep, And he spent his whole time trying order to keep; The "lane" and the fat grazing by Gray's-inn-lane, But so bad their behaviour his toil was in vain,

One day the Bell-wether, on mischief intent, His steps to HYDE-PARK in the afternoon bent; 'Twas Sunday, but quickly they followed him there, As the practice it is of "la race moutonnière."

They were not of the kind that is known as South Down,

With their fleeces of drab, and their faces of brown; Though many were "downy," to use a slang phrase, And "fleecing" by no means unknown to their ways.

Now the skins of these Sheep were of various kind, And the tails of but very few hung down behind, For most of them jackets of fustian enjoy, And the wool of the rest is of ribbed corduroy.

At HYDE PARK they arrived, on that meadow so green,

Where a herd of JOHN BULLs lowing gently was seen; And, so far as their language could be understood, Though 'twas twaddle they talked, their intention was good. Out-spake the Bell-wether, "What! will ye allow "These Bulls your brave hearts with their bellow to cow?

"We'll storm for our Shepherd the dustheap they hold."

Then he tinkled his bell, and they saw 'twas of gold.

Then each from his pocket his bludgeon he drew, And themselves on the Bulls inoffensive they threw; Their faces they punch, and their thick heads they batter:

Who they were, so there's bloodshed, it didn't much matter.

Now the Bulls, though at first they were taken aback, Soon rally, and quickly the dustheap attack; From true British blood the Sheep fly in disorder, (The wether the first), until over the border.

Then out spake the Shepherd, (no word had he said),

And he covered his face with his mantle of red,

- " My Sheep, for your conduct responsive am I
- "To the Shepherd who owns you in far ITALY:

<sup>&</sup>quot; Most sorry am I for your pitiful case:

<sup>&</sup>quot;By no means in your bosoms let Vengeance have place;

- "'Tis true you've been beat, as you have been before;
- " But don't try next Sunday to wipe out the score.
- "Don't go to the Park, stay at home and be good,
- "Your motives prudential will be understood;
- "You're the sons of SAINT PATRICK, so pray don't repay
- "The insults they've heaped on you many a day."

Then the Wether, (too cunning by nature to speak), Winked his eye, and turned round, with his tongue in his cheek;

. Then leading his flock to their dark, dingy fold, He tinkled his bell, and they saw 'twas of gold.

But a bold Knight was watching whose ways they well knew.

His face it was brown, and his mantle was blue, Out he spake, "Silly sheep, if you dare come my way,

- "I'll quick put you up to the time of the day.
- " I've been listening here to that party in Red,
- " And I've got written down every word that he said;
- " I've nothing to do with the Shepherd at ROME,
- "But he'd best mind his business; he'll find it at home."

- "Horrid words!" says the Wether, "so vulgar, my boys!
- "So different from what our sweet Shepherd employs;
- "This blue-mantled KNIGHT I have long known his ways,
- "He says what he 'manes,' and he 'manes' what he says.
- "'Tis true we've been paid for the work we have done,
- "But next time, boys! a far greater risk shall we run:
- " He has told us by no means to brandish the sword;
- "So the Shepherd who rules us we'll take at his word."

So they did. Now ye Shepherds attend to my tale! When with eloquent tongue o'er your flocks you'd prevail,

Notwithstanding your glances askant and askew, Your Sheep you'll find sometimes as cunning as you.

### THE SISTERS.

They kissed their hands at parting,
When they left me on the shore;
And they promised soon to see me,
When the Spring returned once more;
I saw their vessel sailing
For the sunny coast of Spain;
The Spring has long been over,
But I've seen them not again.

I've seen their grave rose-covered,
Where side by side they sleep,
When a Summer's sun was setting
On the blue and tideless deep:
And many a Spring is over,
And I hear their laugh no more,
But I see the smile they gave me,
When we parted on the shore.

#### ΚΥΡΙΕ ΕΛΕΗΣΟΝ.

I STOOD in the shadow Of buttress and pier: I listened in silence, In silence and fear; The night-wind moaned sadly, Smiled palely the moon, The leaves rustled falling, Of night 'twas the noon; The leaves rustled falling, Swayed slowly the trees, Soft sounds crept across me, I heeded not these: For, bending, I saw, O'er a newly-made grave, A form, whose eyes gleamed Like the phosphor-lit wave: With fingers quick-working The fresh earth it tore; The scent to my nostrils The southern wind bore; A cowl, of a colour Long faded, concealed The featureless face. But in shadow revealed

Teeth white and sharp-pointed, Lips livid and blue; From the worm-teeming clay A white corpse it drew:

Grey on the Abbey-walls,

Grey, and then pink, Breaks the day; lies the form On the grave's brink: Stare towards the reddened sky, Bloodshot and dim, Eyes, that have gazed on Hell; Feature and limb Writhe in the light of morn, Cowl-less and bare; Red drips the grizzled beard's Blood-dabbled hair: Swings on its mortared edge. Moved by no hands, Towards me, the marble block; Open it stands; Closed for five hundred years, Nameless and grim, 'Tis writ " MISERRIMUS," Deep-cut and dim:

Shrinks to his dismal home
Phantom accurst;
Strains from the Abbey-choir
Heavenward burst:
"KTPIE EARHZON,"
Such is the prayer,
Borne o'er the ivied walls
Through the warm air.

# 'Οιηπερ φυλλών'

WHERE are the Knights so brilliant and bold? In their armour they sleep in the Abbey-yard old. Where are the Maidens who wove them their wreath? Life-chilled each lies on the bride-bed of Death; Silent their merry laugh, mournful the tone Borne by the wind to the Minstrel alone;

To the Minstrel alone, who strikes the sad numbers; White in the moonlight he watches their slumbers; Sings to sad melodies thoughts of old days; Once again ring the grey walls with their praise; Once again throbs his heart; silent his breath; Broken his harp by the pale hand of Death.

My fevered dream is over,
And opened wide the door;
No longer kept in darkness,
I see the sky once more.

My heart at first longed wildly
To seek his clay-cold breast;
Now I wander in the moonlight,
Nor till morning take my rest.

They need not watch me closely, No madness lingers here; My life is ebbing quickly, But all my thoughts are clear.

I would but scatter roses
Upon that stormbeat grave,
Where he I love reposes,
The tender and the brave.

#### SIMILIA.

THERE is a bed where many a velvet fold,
And snow-white pillows woo the weary head;
Where windows closed shut out the night air cold,
And softest carpets bear the noiseless tread;
Where sheets of finest linen wide are spread:
Its light on pictured wall the ember throws,
Tinging each shadowy form with glowing red;
Here may the Pilgrim doff his day-worn woes,
And lie for many an hour in undisturbed repose.

But velvet folds do not insure our rest,

Nor doth the well-smoothed couch tranquillity;

Pain may assault and tear the sleeping breast,

Pure from all Sin and guileless though it be:

Visions of direst import may it see,

And restless tossings may the body tire,

While Fancy whirls it o'er some boundless sea,

Or offers it for food to monsters dire,

And Fever parch the blood with quick-consuming fire.

There is a bed where Cold and Darkness still Their watch are keeping, day and night the same; Where clay and mouldering earth the chamber fill, And scanty space the occupant can claim: Writ on a stone above his earthly fame;

But soon forgot, among the grassy heaps, His Power, his Deeds, his Virtues, ev'n his Name; Wrapped in a shroud, alone, unrecked, he sleeps; Nor far from him the worm his ceaseless vigil keeps.

But on that clay-cold couch are dreamt such dreams By those who seek it innocent and pure, That pale to them would be the noon-tide beams, Dreams that for endless ages will endure; The Spirit robed in Ecstasy, secure, Shall visit worlds than former worlds more bright; Vainly in earth the Body we immure, While, borne on wings that mock the diamond's light, Circles the Soul through space in never-ending flight.

# At VEVEY, Lake of GENEVA.

SHADOWS of Evening, wait awhile! Hide not my view of you distant Isle; Shadows of Evening, stay, oh! stay, Leave me the light of the lingering day.

Leave me the time to muse awhile; Lone in the Lake is that fading Isle; O'er the blue water my thoughts will stray: I muse on the Man of a former day: On the Man by this rippling shore who roved; On the Man who these blue rolling billows loved; Who swept by these waters wild his lyre; Of the frozen heart, and the brain of fire.

Shadows of Evening! softly close: Long has the PILGRIM left his woes; But he seems by my side to sadly smile, As I look to that fading, lonely Isle.

## THE KING'S CHAIR.

### FLODDEN.

A DAY-DREAM of the Past I see;
A King enthroned to rule the feast;
Prince, Peer, and Knight, and Lady bright,
And goblets deep, and mirth, and jest:

Vanished the scene: a desert plain;
A gory corpse, unrecked, unknown;
Headless, begirt with iron chain;
A borderer's spade, a nameless stone.

A VIOLET and Primrose bed;
A morning Sun; some raindrops shed;
A Breeze, that from the moorland blows;
A swaying yew; an early rose;
A maiden for a moment seen,
Of blithest step, of years fifteen,
As Angel bright, of name unknown;
Ten Springs have passed; ten Summers flown;
No fairer picture Time has shown.

## DA-SHEALLADH.

AT ORTHEZ, one hot Summer's day,
When passing o'er the dusty way,
That flanks the Pyrennees,
I stopped an hour; LA Belle Hôtesse
The Inn was called; the Inn's maîtresse
Wished smilingly to please.

- "The room where the GREAT DUKE reposed
- "Pray show me." Quickly she unclosed A door; "'Twas there he lay."
- " 'Twas 'mid the storm of shot and shell
- "That on your foot an *Obus* fell, "The morning of the fray.
- "Which is the cupboard, where the dinde,
- "Left by the diligence behind,
  - "Furnished the hero's supper?"
- "Here, Sir, it is; forgive surprise!"
- "'Twas on this shelf," ("Why, Sir, my eyes "You open wide"), "the upper.
- ""We do not come to do you harm,"
- "He said, then took you by the arm,
  - " I think it was the left."
- "Sir has not numbered thirty years;
- " Of speech, so wondrous this appears,
  "I yow I am bereft."
- " Nay, more than this, Madame, I know;
- "The day he crushed his country's foe, "When hot from Toulouse fight,
- " He bought for you a grey silk dress,
- " Which now your daughter does possess,
  - " And sent it the same night."

- "'Tis true, Sir, all that you have said,
- "But how the past you thus have read,
  "In parting, tell me, pray!"
- "To me a second sight is given,
- "A Scotsman I." "Protect me, Heaven!"
  - " Madame, a most good day!"

#### ΝΕΜΕΣΙΣ.

- NIGHT closed around the British Host, on MINDEN'S blood-stained height;
- Each wearied soldier sought his rest, the camp-fires burning bright:
- Who hold the foremost post? Whose plumes wave in the midnight air?
- Who should, when fiercest was the fight, but High-LANDERS be there?
- To pass the hours till morning dawn, they tell, around the flame,
- That flashes skywards, many a tale of dearly-purchased fame:
- MAC CAILLAN tells how, in his youth, on bleak CULLODEN'S day,
- Scotland's fair flowers by Fate's sad scythe were ruthless swept away;
- When on DRUMMOSSIE Muir lay low the curling wreaths of smoke,

- How through the Southern clansman's ranks the mountain-children broke;
- How he had met the PRINCE's men in combat hand to hand,
- And how he'd done the butcher-work for bloody Cumberland:
- But then he changed his solemn tone, and recollecting, laughed;
- "To think, when the hot day was done, what cups," says he, "we quaffed!
- "Food was but scarce, but, searching near, a little farm we found;
- "The master dead, quite stiff he lay within the garden ground;
- "One cow was all, a paltry prize; but that was not the joke,
- "A woman of some sixty years of mercy humbly spoke;
- "Some were soft-hearted; one weak fool gave her his soldier's coat,
- "For she was shivering in the blast; I stayed, and cut her throat.
- "What there, MAC SHEMIE! what can ail? to hear art thou afraid?
- "What, squeamish, eh?" MAC SHEMIE rose, but not a word he said:
- He beckoned to Mac Caillan; they into the darkness stepped.
- The rest, beneath the blue, starred sky, wrapt in their plaids, soon slept.

- Pale is the dawn; the frost lies white on bonnet and on plaid;
- And many a wounded soldier's hope in those dark hours is dead:
- MAC SHEMIE's form stands blackly out against the reddening sky;
- Men who have marched far by his side around him sleeping lie.
- Brave soldier, why to Heaven thy hands in prayer dost thou upraise?
- "Forgive the blow! my God, forgive! thy sorrowing servant prays:
- "Comrades, awake! my dirk's red blade drips in the morning light;
- "My Mother's murderer is dead; I slew him in fair fight."

SLEEP, weary Child! the mighty ocean roars;
The white-topped breakers leaping touch thy feet;
The wide-winged sea-bird, circling, seawards soars;
The tempest rages, yet thy dreams are sweet:

The tempest rages, sudden, darkly spread;
Far roll the tawny billows heap on heap;
Smiles come from dreamland to thy rocky bed;
Lulled by the seething waters, Sleep! Child, Sleep!

## LAYS OF LONDON.

TT.

ST. STEPHEN'S.

Bright's Breeches.

SIR! MR. SPEAKER! if I pause,
It is, Sir, in my Country's cause.
If I should deepen, Sir, my voice,
'Tis not to deprecate the choice
This House has in its wisdom made;
'Tis not to make a vain parade
Of idle, heart-consuming grief,
For Him whose bright career was brief;
'Tis not to pour the ready tear
For those who are no longer here;
'Tis not to stir the lowering storm
Of bit by bit, piece-meal, Reform;
To sweep to Cobden's fame the chords;

NOTE.—None can have forgotten who witnessed, as the writer, the scene in the HOUSE OF COMMONS on the 2nd of February, 1866, the first night of the new PARLIAMENT.

MR. BRIGHT, after a slight clearing of the throat, and with increased colour, amid the silence of the House, and to the visible dread of the Government, proceeded, through a laboured exordium, to invoke the name of COBDEN; whose Quixotic self-denial of Speaker's dinners for 24 years was eulogized with great fervour, and some bathos, by his elderly SANCHO PANZA.

Nor to abuse the HOUSE OF LORDS: No, Sir, nor yet to prop the Throne, When by my axe its legs are gone: A nobler theme my voice will sound, A nobler theme these walls rebound; I'm a plain man; no gauds, nor riches; I speak, Sir, of a pair of breeches. You, Sir, afford to bound and free A liberal hospitality; For which you're liberally paid; Still, I have ne'er that vote gainsaid; The starving millions of the land Submit to this at my command; Nor, in good faith, can I conceal I rather like a dainty meal; One thing alone my conscience twitches, That thing, Sir, is a pair of breeches. Sir, the "Society of Friends" To great pugnacity pretends; No longer are we men of peace, Of lambs we've nothing but the fleece; All milk of human kindness lacking, I'm happy only when attacking; Still, Sir, we stick to drab and black, And though the single-breasted sack Prevails among the upper classes, Who batten on the toiling masses, We wear out court-coats every day, Long, collarless, and cut away;

But Breeches are against our laws;
Sir, I would hope to plead the cause
Of Conscience: my lamented friend
Long laboured to produce this end;
Like shoe-stringed ROLAND ne'er forgot:
He was in heart a sans culotte:
For thirty years he strove in vain—(Cries of
'Question.')

'Tis not of you, Sir, I complain, But if that name be honoured still, That gentle mind, that vigorous will, Oh! let from us our shame be torn! And Breeches be no longer worn!

MR. BRIGHT resumed his seat; and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whose perturbation was painful at the beginning of his Hon. friend's speech, rose smiling, and referred the important question of breeches or no breeches to the good sense, judgment, experience, impartiality, and aristocratic demeanour of the SPEAKER.

A little known essay of MILTON, "de breechibus non portandis," containing an epigram by the venerable poet on a pair of breeches worn by Nell Gwyn, was observed under Mr. Bright's arm as he left the House before Mr. Gladstone's reply.

## VERSAILLES.

THE Winecup is flowing; The Roses are set: The Violets cluster With dewdrops still wet: The Song, and the Laughter. Gay words, and bright Wit, Where the noblest of France In their revelry sit; Bright Wit, that shines out In a beauty-stirred beam, Fair forms fit to float On Pleasure's blue stream; Gold, gold lies about, The diamonds flash, And Love freely speaks, 'Neath the dark, drooping lash. But see what, unnoticed, Above them is come, Where the far chandelier Hangs beneath the gold dome; A cloud black as Hell: But their eyes do not see; Laugh, Laugh, Love, and Drink, But 'tis writ '93.

#### ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ.

They call me, they call me, I must away;
They call me, they call me, I cannot stay;
My children I seek in their new-found home,
Where the brown weed plays with the ocean's foam.

I come, where ye sleep in your sea-weed bed; I come, where the coral branches spread, Where lie the sea-shells of pink and grey, And the green wave softens the blaze of day.

'Tis a gentle sleep, that no sound can break, And I'll watch by your side till ye smiling wake; I'll watch by your side, while your hands are pressed In a dimpled clasp on each curl-wrapped breast.

But if, my children, your sleep should prove Too deep for my patient, longing love, Oh! then by your side I will lay my head, Where ye sleep on your green-lit, sea-weed bed.

### LAYS OF LONDON.

III.

### GROSVENOR SQUARE.

TUESDAY, the twenty-first of June, Just three weeks hence—well, not too soon; My Lady begs I'll do her honour; I write, that I will wait upon her: Somewhere or other dine we must From day to day till " Dust to Dust:" The day arrives: the card forgotten; When, riding in the Row that's ROTTEN, I hurry home to dress for dinner; 'Tis eight o'clock, as I'm a sinner: But in ten minutes I'll be there: "Number a hundred, Grosvenor Souare." "Afraid I'm late;" "No, not at all; "Suppose you're going to the ball: "There's a young lady here, who goes;" "She with white dress, and reddish nose?" "Hush, she's so clever; you can't think "How well she sings;" "Her nose is pink: "You don't mean me to take her down!" "For goodness' sake put off that frown; "Which would you like?" "That one in blue;" "Oh! Lady -; that tiny shoe

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" I see attracts you: yes, you see
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- "I know how such things used to be:
- "But you'll not flirt;" "I never do;"
- "Her husband's eyes are fixed on you;"
- "I see, I see; a vain grimace;
- "They still 'suspect in the wrong place;'
- "I don't make love to married women.
- "Behold a most auspicious omen,
- "The Duke and Duchess; we're complete:"
- "Pray on this sofa take a seat."
- "I fear we're late: 'twas not my fault;
- " Lord DERBY made a grand assault
- "On Government to-night, and so
- "The Duke, who does not often go,
- "Stayed at the House so very late"-
- "This is too bad, it's half-past eight:"
- "Dinner, my Lord:" "Now, open column!
- "Preserve your intervals! how solemn
- "This dim procession: we're all wrong!
- "Completely clubbed;" "Pray move along!
- "Three gentlemen together, strange
- "How difficult 'tis to arrange;"
- "There is one number can't come right:"
- "Why on my left's pink nose in white;
- "There's no escape for me, that's plain:
- "Ahem!" "Asperges, or à la Reine?"
- "I saw you riding in the Park
- "This afternoon;" "Yes:" "I remark
- "That lovely pony, none so pretty;"

- "He suits my age;" "I've heard how witty,
- "And how severe you can be;" "No,
- "I neither slander friend nor foe:"
- "But still I know you can be funny;"
- "Time was; 'tis now more sad than sunny;"
- "I've seen you for so many years,
- "I find no change;" "The sabre wears
- "The sheath, you know;" "Filets de Sole
- "A la Joinville;" "Upon the whole
- "Who do you think has the best chance
- "Of sitting on the throne of FRANCE?
- "Bourbon or Bonaparte's stock?"
- " Hock or Champagne?" "A glass of Hock:
- "Upon the Marshals 'twill depend;"
- " Poulet Marengo?" "But the end
- "None can foretell:" "My glass replenish!"
- " Champagne or Hock ?" "Thank you, the Rhenish."
- "Why is it that the River RHINE
- "Is not permitted?" Come, some sign My right hand neighbour must expect, By nature's loveliness bedecked: She's just my favourite coloured hair, Red, with blue eyes; red was so rare, But now they dye; then, just my taste, Broad shoulders, not too slim a waist, White dimpled hands, and such a smile, And, above all, a high-bred style.
- "Can you tell me that lady's name.
- "Next to the Duke?" "No; but she came.

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"With the dark man with whiskers dyed;"
"You mean the man upon this side,
"Oh! really; him I know; he's great
" On Rinderpest; what a debate
"Of fearful power the Squires will put on!"
"Mutton or Turkey?" "Some roast mutton."
"Why? you don't think her pretty, do you?
"Know her you must, she's bowing to you:"
"Yes, I remember;" "Some romance
"Lies hid?" "No; do you ever dance?"
" Quadrilles sometimes; my husband says
"That we should leave our dancing days
"Behind when married;" "Still with me
"Iust one mild waltz;" "Well, we shall see:"
" Promise!" "Well, I will tell you why
"I can't;" "What reason possibly?"
"Well, I will tell you: one fine day
"Two months ago-" "Yes, 'twas in May;"
"How can you tell?" "Go on!" "I will:
"EDWARD and I were standing still;
"'Twas in the Park; when you rode by;
"He nodded to you; "Yes," "And I
"Asked who you were;" "Just by the railings
"You stood: we've all our little failings,
"And mine are ankles." "Oh! for shame!"
" In bronze, and lovely, can you blame
"One passing glance?" "That glance was seen,
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"'Twas wrong, whate'er they may have been;"
"Oh! they were lovely, were they not?"

"That glance has never been forgot! "I told him to ask you to dinner:" "Well, there at least I was no sinner!" "And, from that moment, but your name "Puts him into a furious flame:" "I ne'er heard such a poor pretence: "Well, all this comes of Innocence! "It does not answer! so I've thought "A thousand times:" "A glass of Port?" "No." "What is passing in the House "To-night? is it the plague in Cows?" "No, not to-night; let's see; oh! 'Malt's' "Sure to be late;" "Well, then, one waltz "You shall have: Why, I've lost my glove; "Don't stoop;" "Oh! what a little love! "Fit for a child!" "Upstairs you'll bring it." My dinner's done, and so I sing it.

I WANDERED by the quiet lake,
Beneath the blue Italian sky;
I wondered, all was so unchanged,
That my lost love alone should die:

The primrose, it was early Spring,
I plucked, and many a violet grey;
But scarcely bound them, for I knew
Not where the fragrant flowers to lay.

I plucked the primrose, for I knew
She loved it; and the violet seemed,
When peeping from its modest bed,
As 'twere her laughing eye that beamed.

She laughs no more, yet Spring is here;
The sky is bright, she does not come;
Her grave is not on foreign shore;
Why do I linger far from home?

I love to pluck each morn a flower From every gentle nook and dell, Where she has sat and mused, and I Sat silent, nor my love could tell;

I could not tell, 'twas needless; Thought
And Feeling had no other tone;
One melody of Rapture rang
Through brain and heart, and one alone.

I loved, yet 'twas not Love; oh! no,
'Twas Worship; far beyond the name
That men give to their heartless prayer;
For from my inmost soul it came:

It knew no pause; it beat, it breathed;
No languor and no change were mine;
I loved, and, what I ne'er had known,
I understood the word Divine:

It changed me from a sinful man, A child of error, long estranged; It led me to the quiet fold, And I forgot that I had ranged:

It lulled me in a dream of bliss;
It soothed me to forget my care;
I had no Future and no Past;
Enough for me that I was there;

Enough to feel that Time and Death
Had not the power to rob my soul
Of moments, moments though they were,
Stamped deep beyond their dim controul.

Life's tasteless feast I must partake; Sad guest, whose cup of joy is dry; Then rest me by the quiet lake, Beneath the blue, Italian sky.

# 'Αναξ ἀνδρῶν.

Go, Chief of Men! the watery waste
Bounds not thy mighty spirit's ken;
Go, meet the foe thou long hast chased;
Go, save thy country, Chief of Men!

Sweep with thy pennons broad the brine, Set every sail, thy cannon train; Bright on thy breast Fame's guerdons shine; Soon shall thy thunder quell the main:

But with thy fame is Love enwreathed,

Thy country's love to thee is given;

One prayer, one passionate prayer is breathed,

Oh! give our hero Life or Heaven!

Here, kneeling on the wave-lashed shore, We pray, and these our children pray, To see thy kindling face once more; God save thee in the battle's day!

NOTE.—When Nelson, embarking before Trafalgar, walked on a platform to his boat, the people of Portsmouth, by a simultaneous movement, fell on their knees as he passed; an instinctive action that, had it not been original, would have occurred before Homer's time, and have been noticed by him; a worship reserved for him who transcended every hero of antiquity.

#### SONG.

A Lady rode 'neath the greenwood tree; Fair as a blossom and blithe was she; And a brave knight bore her company:

But a bird on a bending branch sat near,
'Twas a sunlit day in the early year,
And he sang, but alone for the Lady's ear,
"Lady fair, Lady fair,
"Of a Highland Knight let your heart beware!"

The Lady laughed in her beauty's pride, And turned to the Knight by her palfrey's side; Love's fabled power her heart defied:

He has loved me long with a manly love,
I'll wound his heart, and his passion prove;
And the voice of the bird was heard above;
"Lady fair, Lady fair,
"Of a Highland Knight let your heart beware!"

So the Lady spoke with a stinging jest, And goaded that faithful, tender breast, That loved her of all the world the best; And she told a tale with careless glee,
To rouse his pride and his jealousy;
And the bird sang clear in the o'erarched tree,
"Lady fair, Lady fair,
"Of a Highland Knight let your heart beware!"

The Knight said nought, but his body shook With the stinging taunt that he scarce could brook; Had she seen, she would not have liked his look;

For a smile that had something cold and strange Came over his face with a sudden change;
But the bird did not from his burden range,
"Lady fair, Lady fair,
"Of a Highland Knight let your heart beware!"

Months passed, through Summer, till Autumn's day, The Knight and the Lady in greenwood stray; Far into the night would the Lady stay:

Of Love, at last, had she drunk the bowl,
Deep, burning passion, beyond controul,
For his love would she give her deathless soul:
Lady fair, Lady fair,
Of a Highland Knight let your heart beware!

And Winter came, and the snow was there. The palfrey is stalled, of the Lady fair; For men to the graveyard a coffin bear:

As they pass along, there is one stands by,
No tear, but a smile, in his deepset eye:
Love mocked had changed to Destiny.
Lady fair, Lady fair,
Of a Highland Knight let your heart beware!

I DREAMT, and a Ship rolled on the Sea;
The Sea that was yellow and flecked with foam;
And her masts were gone, and her bravery:
Alone, and a thousand miles from home:

The sun was setting, and black clouds came;
Red, lurid shapes, in the hurrying sky;
On the cold sea-grave the heatless flame;
And the forms that tell when the day must die.

My Dream was dark: a starless Night;

The plashing waves that curled and broke;

The world enslaved by the Tempest's might;

One shriek that followed the lightning's stroke

One shriek, that, above the howling gale, Rang clear from a thousand throats far borne; One shriek from the phantom rolling pale, That is gone to the fathomless depths ere Morn.

#### LAYS OF LONDON.

IV.

# BERKELEY SQUARE.

Who has e'er been in London knows Berkeley Square,

(Not to read it dissyllabically beware!)

That is, all the Swells; for the rest I don't care,

Which nobody can deny.

I'll tell how a Maiden of summers but few,
With a hat that was trimmed with a ribbon of blue,
Fell in love with a youth, (don't you wish 't had been
you?)

Which nobody can deny.

When he passed on his way through the Square to the Park,

She kissed her fair hand to her amorous spark; No harm did she mean, 'twas an innocent lark, Which nobody can deny.

No fanciful scruple this damsel deters,
On my tale it a colour romantic confers,
She did not know his name, and he couldn't tell hers,
Which nobody can deny.

This game had been carried on many a day;
They exchanged lover's looks, not a word did they
say,

As he passed by the pump near the hill that's called HAY,

Which nobody can deny.

One morning the youth with a friend of his heart (The latter quite hid by a watering-cart)

Came by; when the former gave what's called a "start,"

Which nobody can deny.

The cause of this quite unexpected emotion
Were some signs telegraphic of heart-felt devotion
From the girl. What to do he had not a notion,
Which nobody can deny.

What to say not a moment had he to decide; Quick he turned to his friend, "Come, your conquest don't hide!"

"Ah! there is my sister," the other replied, Which nobody can deny.

The embarras escaped like a preux chevalier,
That he wished to go further it does not appear;
She's married; he still is a gay bachelier,
Which nobody can deny.

### CHRISTMAS DAY AT ST. PETER'S.

I STOOD to watch, and wondered at the throng
Of Priests and Abbots, Bishops, Cardinals,
That glowed around the throne; while the loud song
Of Christ, the Saviour, echo those vast walls.
I watch, and wonder if there is among
That scarlet crowd one honest worshipper
Of Him, the cross-nailed; one from whom The
Wrong

Bars all Ambition: one whom does not stir The goad of gain: of Love to Man one minister.

And now I see advance, in white-robed grace,
With eyes bent low, and humble, reverent mien,
The great Arch-Priest, King, Prophet, to the
place

Most sacred: now he kneels: and now between His hands the Hostia glitters. Clear, serene, His brow: while gazing heavenward, the tone Deep, fervid, heartsent sounds: nor intervene The choral notes: the old man sings alone.

Oh! for that earth-wrapped crowd may his pure soul atone!

## LAYS OF LONDON.

V.

#### ---- STREET.

From the Day of SAINT DAVID we pass;
Like clockwork each morning we meet;
When from home to my office I go
Along (well, I won't name it) —— Street;
You think perhaps in fellowship civil
That we one another must greet;

Not a bit: though I can't tell his name,
And I'm sure that he doesn't know mine;
Though my hat is well brushed, and his clothes
With respectability shine,
Yet, like Cardinal Beaufort, we go
On our way without making a sign:

On the contrary, solemn and grave,
I will not say surly, as owl,
We approach; then we pass, both with looks
Black as clouds, when the weather is foul;
I believe on my face there's a sneer;
I am sure that on his there's a scowl;

But what is the reason? you ask;
What cause for this menacing strife?
Have you robbed him of Gold, or of Fame?
Perhaps you've attempted his Life!
Or worse than all, once on a time,
You may have made love to his wife!

Why has Poison been poured in the bowl?
Why does Horror grin grim at the feast?
Why have Hope, and Contentment, and Love,
Been banished afar from each breast?
Because, gentle reader! the wind
Has blown all the time from the East.

# MARGARET IN LINLITHGOW.

THEY could not strike him; shaft and blade
Have spared the loved one; they have spared
Him whom GoD's image GoD has made;
To slay the King no foe has dared.

Tell me not that, amid the slain
On FLODDEN's height a corpse was found;
Whisper me not it bore a chain;
'Twas headless on the trampled ground.

Headless they bore it to the tomb:

A flaunting pageant mocked the air:
Ere Summer's smiling leaves shall come,
The Royal Pilgrim will appear.

Or should chill Autumn's yellow leaf
Break not beneath the wanderer's feet,
My heart shall find no place for grief;
Spring shall his homeward footsteps greet.

### PROLOGUE.

# Spoken at ROME.\*

CALLED from my grave by Prompter's voice, I stand, A Roman Matron: Silence! I command.

I'm Pompey's Wife; Cornelia is my name;
My late lamented was well known to Fame;
He did a tidy business in his day;
I helped, so I, who should not say it, say;
Till at Pharsalia he got a licking,
That rascal Julius at no "Jew lies" sticking:

<sup>•</sup> By Mr. ——; in the manner of the late Mr. ROGERS, of the Strand Theatre.

Alas, Poor Soul! His end was sadly cruel;
He lost his way; (cries) and so he got his gruel (cries).
A truce to tears; From Hades I'm let out;
The last shave there is Pluto's got the gout.
I took a look just now at our old place,
There isn't of our cabbage-rows a trace;
Those Cæsars built them out with bricks and mortar.

They didn't last long, and they didn't oughter. The Onions too, that Pompey loved so well; And Garlic, with its soft, peculiar smell, All gone, not ev'n a whiff; but there I found, Blundering about within that much loved ground, Two live barbarians of different gender: The female wore a monstrous robe-distender; And, on her head, a thing like a black cork, Or pie (how Pompey relished them) of Pork: They told their home, but I've forgot its name, I know 'twas thence the oyster patties came; They used a vile, outlandish sort of speech, His like a bellow, and hers like a screech:

- " Ulloh! MARIAR," so I heard him say,
- " I'm blowed if I don't think we've lost our way;
- " You've got your MURRAY, so just look it out,
- " I do not mean my grub to go without;
- " I wish your curiosity would stop;
- " Ten times a-day I long for our back shop;
- " Why did we leave it? 'Twas your mother's doin',
- "She rues at ROME, and is 'ER ROAMIN'
  RUIN"

(A pause—then louder, and with much feeling:)

"Oh, Rome! my country, City of the Soul,
"The Orphans of the Heart"—I can't controul
My feelings any longer, so no more!
As Brennus says below, (points) "AU RESERVOIR."

NOTE.—That ROME is inundated by a flood of "sixweekers," who rush thither and back unconscious of its beauties, and make the place horrible with their vulgar and obtrusive gabble; who pay their money in order to say that they have done the Eternal city, and without the courage to use Sheridan's cheap alternative, is still true. I have added a noble passage from an American writer, showing an acute and generous appreciation of another class of British; the vigour of the extract equals its justice.

"It need hardly be said that the English in ROME are not popular, either with the Italians, in spite of the money they spend, or with their fellow-sojourners from other lands. They form the subject of innumerable caricatures; and hardly a book of travels appears in any language but their own which is not seasoned with stories, good, if not true, of English phlegm, English rudeness, or English eccentricity. But this unpopularity is not more marked than the lofty disdain with which it is accepted by the parties who are the subjects of it. CORIOLANUS himself did not confront ill-will with a haughtier brow. Indeed, as a general rule, an Englishman is never so repellent as when it is his cue to conciliate opposition, and disarm unreasonable prejudice.

"The Institutions of ENGLAND are eminently calculated to promote individual development, that is among the favoured classes; and herein the parallel between them and the old Romans fails. An Englishman, happily born and reared, has larger opportunities for growth and expansion than have been enjoyed by the people of any other country at any period,

ATHENS at its best age not excepted, for the religious and domestic elements in ENGLAND more than balance the Art and Philosophy of ATHENS. The most finished men I have ever known were Englishmen. But the difference between the top and bottom of the scale is much greater than with us. most ignorant men I saw on the continent, the least prepared to profit by foreign travel, were Englishmen. No American would be found upon the soil of EUROPE so profoundly ignorant, though he might have left home with as little knowledge. He would have bolted the contents of half a dozen guide books on the voyage. He would not have been prevented by pride, self-love, indolence, or good breeding from asking a thousand questions of everybody with an English ear in his But Englishmen dislike to ask or answer questions. The ignorance of an American is restless and clamorous: that of an Englishman silent, apathetic, and hopeless.

"It would not be fair to leave this picture without its lights. The growling discontent which an Englishman manifests in ITALY is to be explained and excused by the perfect material civilization and fair dealing of his own country. Accustomed to the fine roads, the comfortable inns, the luxurious carriages, the clean beds and the well served tables of ENGLAND. he is thrown upon the discomforts of ITALY, dirty inns, bad dinners, comfortless sleeping-rooms, bells that will not ring, servants that will not come, and horses that will not go. exchanges quiet efficiency for noisy inefficiency. There is a great deal of bustle, much loud promising, vehement asseveration, and energetic gesticulation; but the thing to be done is Accustomed to deal with men who have but one price for their goods, he finds that an Italian shopkeeper begins by asking double the sum he has made up his mind to take. He passes from a land where minutes are precious to one where time is of no value. Born in a country where a tradesman has not broken an appointment since the Norman Conquest, he is involved in a perfect network of lying, shuffling equivocation, and excuse-making. Engagements are not

kept; work is not sent home at the promised time; no man is as good as his word; the moral relation established by a contract is an unknown quantity. Besides all and above all, he is chafed by the absence everywhere in ROME, of English comfort and English cleanliness; doors will not shut; windows will not open; fireplaces will not warm; walls will not keep out the wind: carpets are unclean: streets and staircases are filthy; beds are suspicious: something must be pardoned to the spirit of English order and English neatness. lishman in ITALY brings with him a standard of civilization, by which his experiences are tried. He cannot make up his body to submit to annovances and discomforts, because he has not previously made up his mind. The same person who frets at tough chickens and damp sheets at VITERBO or RADICOFANI, if fairly turned out into the woods, and forced to sleep under a tree, rolled up in a blanket, would be the most cheerful and uncomplaining of men.

The English in ITALY, as on the Continent generally, are not liked; but, on the other hand, they are never despised. They carry about with them the impress of qualities which extort respect, not unmingled with fear. Too proud to stoop and too cold to sympathise, they are too honest to flatter and too brave to dissemble. Truth, Courage, and Justice, those lion virtues that stand round the throne of national greatness, shape their blunt manners and their downright speech. No thoughtful Italian can help honouring the tenacity with which an Englishman clings to his own convictions of what is right and becoming, without regard to the judgments which others may form or express; nor can he fail to confess that the position and influence of ITALY would have been far different, had more of that manly element been mingled in the blood of the people."—HILLARD'S "Six Months in ITALY."

Who'first foretold an ECLIPSE of the SUN? What was his Nation or his Epoch?

DESPISED of men! forgot since early youth,
Lone searcher 'mid the stores of treasured Truth;
Pale, frugal Hermit, not to thee revealed
Bright worlds of Hope, nor sin-made sorrows healed;
Toil-worn, with fainting heart, and weary brain,
Thy days all Labour, and thy nights all Pain,
Proclaim thy treasure trove! The World awake!
Bid Truth be known! bid listening nations quake!

- "When years have passed," I hear thy clear voice say,
- "The time I fix, the year, the month, the day;
- "Yon Sun ye worship, yon all-ruling God,
- "Whose splendour blinds ye, and beneath whose rod
- "Empires have trembled from unreckoned years,
- "In whom live Hope, and Faith, and Joys, and Fears,
- "Shall droop in sickness, veil his searching face,
- "While Darkness spreads o'er all the realms of Space:
- "Aye! ye shall see, and wonder in that hour,
- "Shall speak my Name, shall marvel at my Power!"

I see thy form again, now bent with Age;
No more thine eye can scan the mystic page;
But wondering myriads thy words proclaim,
And Nations trumpet-tongued resound thy Name;
Thy hermit-cell no more thy peaceful home,
For Princes shrine thee 'neath a golden dome;
The snows that chill thee, Life's last snows, are there,
But priceless rubies deck thy flowing hair;
Robes diamond-crusted clothe thy trembling limbs,
Thy steps are welcomed with triumphant hymns;
Kings of unnumbered millions bow the knee;
"Prophet!" they cry, "God's Voice! We bow to
thee!"

What was thy Name? thy Nation? when thy Birth? They could but perish with a perished Earth! We know thee not; thy Home, thy Race, thy Name, Are all forgot: and yet men dream of Fame!

### A TALE OF THE CARNIVAL.

- THE Winter's Sun is shining, and merry is the Street, With the sound of many voices, and the tread of many feet,
- Bright banners from each window, red, and blue, and white, and gold,
- Wave gaily in the *Tramontan*', whose freshness is not cold.
- Those blue-eyed maids, whose smiles are worth a world well lost, are there,
- From Britain's islands hither borne they breathe the Southern air:
- And One I saw from balcony who laughingly did lean,
- Her form of matchless symmetry, her summers seventeen;
- Her dark hair clust'ring closely a pomegranateblossom bore,
- Her dress was simple, and, save one, no ornament she wore;
- A diamond, a matchless gem, in memory of one,
- A Father, who in fight had died, where fades the setting Sun.

- White-cloaked, black-horsed, those phantom forms flit fadingly; the light
- Now shines upon a brazen casque, now shows a sabre bright:
- Gay Music sounds, 'mid torches' glare, and liveried lacqueys wait
- The honoured guests in double line from corridor to gate:
- A noble crowd of grave and gay to Doria's halls have pressed,
- And Chivalry's bright ribbons glow, and stars on many a breast.
- Where Honour's banners deck the walls amid the throng I stood,
- For I have ever found a crowd most fit for musing mood:
- I thought of Love and Beauty, as those graceful forms passed by;
- Who painted Love a boy of smiles? oh! paint him with a sigh.
- And She was there, the gay, the bright! each falling, curling tress
- Swathed gracefully the snow-white neck; 'twas Heaven's own loveliness:
- Nor was less fresh the glowing soul, within that frame that beamed;
- Her soft, low voice as 'twere the sound of angel's whisper seemed;
- Her eyes thrilled through each quivering nerve, till Pleasure turned to Pain;

- And my heart throbbed as I had thought it ne'er could throb again.
- Bright vision! brightest beam of Love that ever crossed my view,
- Thy parting words were "Au revoir | I will not say
  Adieu |"
- The Falcon poises high in air his bright-edged, burnished wing:
- O'er all the waved *Campagna* teems the violetmantled Spring:
- What bright delight to ride apace where TIBER winds his way
- Betwixt his crumbling banks; to spur at speed at close of day:
- That fiery steed so proudly bears his Lady as if he Bore the Queen of Love and Beauty in the lists of Chivalry.
- Who will not follow, swift as Thought, when Beauty leads the way?
- When taper limbs and flashing eyes command, none disobey.
- "Beware the Rock's steep slippery verge!" Her laughing voice replies;
- A moment more, that angel form has vanished from their eyes.
- Gone! Sunk beneath the yellow tide; rolls on the turbid wave;

- One hand is held above; Vain! Vain! for there are none to save;
- Light bubbles for a moment mark the place where Beauty sank.
- Old Tiber, in forgotten days rich spoils thy waters drank;
- Gold, jewels, cast into thy bed, and many a priceless pearl;
- None prized as she thou bearest, drowned, with unrelenting whirl.
- Her dress lies on her couch, the dress that she can never wear;
- Flowers, freshly-gathered roses, culled by Love's own hand, are there:
- Weep! weep! for Beauty drowned and dead, nor search 'mid Tiber's sands,
- Cold burial-place for Hope and Love! but free from heartless hands.
- Spring passed; Spring's violets withered 'neath the scorching Summer's Sun;
- Rome, like some tawny beast of prey, slept in the sultry noon:
- I wandered by old Tiber's bank, far on, in musing mood:
- The insects in the quivering air but broke my solitude:
- I watched the rippling wavelets: something floating slow they bore:

- They seemed to lift it lightly to the sandy, sheltered shore.
- Oh! Death, thy hand upon that brow how gently hast thou placed!
- Oh! Beauty, hope of many hearts, dead, dead, but not defaced:
- Her hair still clustered round her neck; she lay as one asleep;
- I stood to watch: no sound was there, save Tiber's whirling sweep.
- They bore her to her burial-place when Rome was veiled in Night;
- Along the *Corso's* winding length Death's torch alone burned bright:
- The balcony where she had stood glowed in the lurid glare;
- No violets, no roses, but the amaranth was there:
- She sleeps beneath the shadowed wall, where rest the exiled dead,
- With the cypress swaying slowly, and the blue sky overhead.

### A DIRGE.

FLING o'er her grave the rose-tree's bloom; Shed not a tear, nor heave a sigh; Mourn not the Loved One's early doom; Nor that she's taken wonder why.

See how the sunbeam gently plays;
Watch how the bay-trees glittering wave;
Late on the spot the daylight stays,
The spot we chose for her green grave.

### TWENTY YEARS.

BEAR her my Cross of Honour, Friend,
Brave Friend! that I am leaving now;
My dying words by thee I send;
I feel the death-drops on my brow.

NOTE.—MARIE ANTOINETTE was beheaded at 9 a.m. on the 16th of October, 1793; the Battle of LEIPSIC, in which 40,000 Frenchmen fell, and which was the overthrow of French power, began by three guns fired on the right of the Allied Line, as the clock of the Cathedral struck 9, on the 16th of October, 1813.

Bear to my far-off home the tale, Ay! tell it in my mother's ear, That 'mid our soldiers' faces pale, Though pale my own, I mocked at Fear.

Paint her the rush, the charging shout,
The bugles' sound; the banners rent;
The shot-storm: then the deadly rout:
My shattered limbs: this blood-stained tent.

Then bid her mind that lovely morn, When, twenty years ago, a child 'Mid those dark faces I was borne, Those faces haggard, fierce and wild.

Ay, Twenty Years, just on this day,
She led me where a scaffold rose:
There stood in the red morning's ray,
A woman, 'mid ten thousand foes.

She spoke not, but she looked around; She looked on that foul, seething mass; She shrank not at their curses' sound, But bid the headsman let her pass.

She looked so calm: I see her now,
Pure, pale, and gentle in her grace;
But Pride sat on her broad, white brow,
And deep Revenge was in her face.

One distant Cloud was in the sky, She gazed at it; 'twas small and red; The thought of Vengeance lit her eye: Her death-debt France to-day has paid.

My mother high her kerchief waved,
As round the fierce crowd danced; and one
Its loan for a few moments craved;
The blood streamed in the morning sun.

He ran beneath the dripping planks,

Then sprinkled far and wide the gore:
Returned the handkerchief with thanks;

"We know what the dead AUSTRIAN swore;

"She often told us that her blood
"Would on us and our children be;
"So it is now!" Quite close I stood;
As 'twere this morn, the man I see;

Just here, where I will bear till death My Cross—she will not have forgot— There fell—tell her 'tis my last breath— On my left breast a round red spot.

#### SONG.

THERE is an Hour when beats our bosom lightly;
When Truth and Joy and Love our steps attend;
When in our sky Hope's radiant dawn glows brightly;
And Heaven's own roses fragrance earthwardsend;

There is an Hour when Noontide's Sun is shining; We bravely bear our arms beneath his heat; Or wander on, bright Fancy's wreaths entwining, Seeking the heart that our deep love may greet.

There is an Hour at eve by river musing
On Joys borne from us by life's silent wave,
When we can sigh, ourselves too late accusing,
Or weep remorseful o'er some Loved One's grave.

There is an Hour when cold night's shades are falling; Welcome the night, the day has lost its charms; When Joy and Hope and Love in vain recalling, We unreluctant sink in Slumber's arms.

#### ANACKH.

Turn from thy path, bold Warrior, turn;
Thy foe is far; thy fame will come;
Renown her torch will brighter burn;
Wander with me to my gay home.

To-morrow, say'st thou, Break of day Will see the clashing squadrons meet; To-morrow thou shalt speed away, To-night shalt kiss my twining feet:

Ay, thou shalt kiss them; I have seen
Thy burning glance, when spake thy Soul;
Wealth, Glory, are but baubles mean,
The slave can find them in the bowl;

But Love, Love, Woman's Love, be mine; Lithe limbs, snow neck, and eyes of fire; So spake thy soul: well, all are thine, And Passion deep, that will not tire:

Turn then, my Soldier, turn with me;
Leave for a while thy thronging host;
Thy steed the rising sun shall see,
Long ere the battle's won and lost.

He turns, the Warrior turns; 'tis Night;
Oh! that no Morn may ever rise!
Unquenched his love, yet crimson light
Glows sudden in the cloud-heaped skies;

Gives to the rose a redder red,

Love's pledge; shines on his helmet-plume;

Shines on, well may he gasp! the Dead,

Co-tenant of that charnel room:

Speed, speed, brave Warrior! Soldier, speed! Spur deeply! leave the breeze behind! Dead Love is ghastly, but thy steed Still bears thee where thou'lt Honour find:

Who come? What banners battle-torn
Are these? Dost know them? they are thine;
Those squadrons reeling, backwards borne,
Looked vainly for thy guiding sign:

Die! Warrior, die! a Broken Heart Shall mark thy desert resting-stone; Some spot unreached by Slander's dart; There lie, as thou hast lived, alone! The drowsy Limes in the night are rank;
The still pool mirrors a star or two;
The grasshoppers chirp on the green grass bank;
The clouds are scudding, and grey the dew:
Sighs long and many, tears not a few;
A face that with wordless love is blank;
A story old, that is always new,
From lips that lately Rapture drank.

Night's wing has passed, and Morn is red;
Fixed eyes stare up at the cloud-flecked sky;
The gold-spot daisy and violets spread
Where the throat is bloody, and stiff limbs lie;
The humming honey-bee wanders by,
Where he looks from his softly-wrapping bed,
As though he was killed he wondered why;
For Love he came, and for Love is dead.

COME from the Deep! Dost thou not hear my voice?

Come from the Deep! nor slumber while I call; List how the wild winds in my woe rejoice! See how around me Winter's lightnings fall!

They strike not; but the blue flames shine at Sea, Over the far-off breakers, on the foam, Whence tawny banks of water come to me, Rolling above, oh! far above thy home:

Come from the Deep! Leave thy new home for me;

Leave the calm waters, and the weed-spread caves;

Come from the Deep! though coldly, noisily, Break on my weary feet the winter waves:

The winter waves break on my weary feet;
I list not to the tale they try to tell;
Thou dost but sleep; thy blue eyes yet will greet
Thy Love, thy Love, thy red lips kiss farewell.

'Tis not beneath the Churchyard's yew
That I would wish my body laid,
Though there the tear of Sorrow true
Might be for many summers shed:

'Tis not below the Chapel aisle
I would, when I am dead, repose;
Though Saints from pictured windows smile,
And tint the stones when Evenings close:

'Tis not 'mid grey Cathedral's gloom, In sculptured marble I would lie, Though anthems pealed above my tomb, Lay me not there when I shall die!

Bear me to some far mountain-peak, Where latest lingers on the day; The winds that in the Winter shriek Shall bear my bleaching dust away.

# THE CATASTROPHE.

#### AN IDYLL TALE.

# As Grave as Gay.

A KNIGHT, whose gentle brow belied A temper rough (but when 'twas tried), Approached, a smile upon his face, The soft GRIMALCA'S sleeping-place: He gazed; but, innocent in thought, Nought but a kiss or two he sought, Chaste as Endymion we're told Received from DIAN's lips of old. There lay the fair one; gentle sighs In regulated measure rise: Soft murmurs from her bosom sent. That tell ineffable content: The KNIGHT in gazing fonder grew, His left arm round her form he threw. Then pressed her gently to his breast, (Ladies who love can guess the rest.) When lo! instead of soft caress, Whether provoked by maladresse, Or roused before some dream was over, (Sad rivals dreams for earthly lover!) Fierce furies dart from out her eyes,

(Yellow as Gold, of wondrous size,)
And from each taper limb the claws
Spring out; a momentary pause,
Then through the Knight's pale hand they pass,
(Keen as the blades of cupping-glass,)
While streams of blood the gentle fair

- " A little out of sorts" declare:
- "So," thought the Knight, as round and round His snow-white handkerchief he wound,
- " Of such mishaps I own the source
- "Is taking matters as of course."
  Then, while his kerchief stanched the blood,
  Pursued in moralising mood:
- " The City does not always yield
- " To him who largest force can wield;
- " Who blows the loudest oft must wait
- "The longest at the castle-gate;
- " A fort, though girt with wall and moat,
- " Has yielded to a faltering note:
- " However certain ye may be
- "Your plumes are fanned by Victory,
- "Though fighting on your hundredth field,
- "Still keep your Confidence concealed;
- "The more secure you feel your power,
- "Though quivers in your grasp the flower,
- "Still let Humility have place,
- "Still bend in Reverence your face;
- " When, from the long-beleaguered walls,
- "The yielding guard a parley calls,

- "Then passes 'neath the cullis-bar,
- "Grant all the Honours then of War;
- "The Conqueror should the Conquered sue,
- "Nor when all's won should cease to woo."

She moved before me in the cold Moon's light,
Robed, as I saw her last, in tomb-clothes white;
Nor raised her head, nor spoke a word, nor seemed
To notice aught, until the radiance beamed
On the stone Statue, where the lettered base
Showed her fair name; the words she seemed to
trace;

Then gently smiled; her hand upon her breast, As if for Joy she could not speak, she pressed; Then Heavenward her death-cold brow she raised, And upon one lone star for minutes gazed; Breathed low a name, the night-breeze bore the sound; Plucked a blue heart's-ease from the dew-lit ground; The night-closed flower within her robe she placed; Then, slowly, o'er the stone-bound pathway paced, Down towards the Sea, that foamed below the steep, As though she sought her home far in the Deep; While on the wind the night-tide's phantom waves Moaned their long sorrows to the sea-worn caves.

# JAMES AND MARY.

# A Family Photograph.

From TRUTHS OF TRAVEL, Book XII.

# (Hotel du Beau Rivage; a cloudy day:)

- "How long, dear JAMES, do you intend to stay?"
- " It all depends on circumstances, MARY."
- "Oh! James, I am so very, very weary!"
- (Hotel du Beau Rivage; a rainy day:)
- "When do you mean, dear JAMES, to go away?"
- " It all depends; to-morrow may be fine:
- "That is to say, my Guide does so opine;
- " He says that he has noticed that when two
- " Days of low clouds occur, the Moon being new,
- "There pretty nearly always comes fine weather
- "Within two months; so I think, altogether,
- "We'll wait and see: so wait we will, dear MARY."
- "Oh! James, I am so very, very weary."

# (Hotel du Beau Rivage; most heavy wet:)

- " I'm glad, dear MARY, this has come; we'll get
- "Some rare fine weather, for I've always seen,
- "That when the weather's worst 'tis soon serene."

(Ten days of heavy rain here intervene.)

"I'm truly glad we're here." "Oh! JAMES, I'm sick

- " Of all this waiting; and the JUNG-FRAU-BLICK
- " Is full of smells." "Dearest, I cannot smell them."
- "Oh! how I wish to bring the tea you'd tell them."
- -" Well, Mary, now we've got a lovely sky,
- " But we must wait some days, I'll tell you why;
- " Perhaps it is not settled; Tuesday morning
- " I go to LAUTERBRUNN, I give you warning;
- " I'll cross the Pass, if I stay till October;
- "In the mean time we'll move to Pension Ober." (Scene Pension Ober; morning rather cloudy:)
- "I think Miss O. grows every day more dowdy;
- "Now Mary, please get ready; where's the car?
- "'Tis half-past twelve: the clouds from Earth are far.
- " A certain sign for good; well, all our pains
- "At last are over." "Why, dear JAMES, it rains
- "Like cats and dogs!" "Why, MARY, so it does!"
- "Well, James, the grave will one day end our woes."
- -" Here's LAUTERBRUNN, our horses at the door;
- "Then off we go!" "Oh, JAMES, not in this pour!"
- " Oh! it will be delicious on the mountain!
- "Think how increased will be each lovely fountain!"
- "Well, James, to see the Staubbach I don't mind;
- "Oh dear! our luggage is all left behind!
- "What can we do? Now really, JAMES, you're laughing!"
- "Look, MARY, what a spout for Photographing!"

#### AIR-" Ye Banks and Braes."

They speak of him lightly; they blame him before me;
They tell me how careless he was of my Love:
They tell me to Hope that Time will restore me;
The weight from my heart that new scenes will remove:

One Scene will remove it; one Hope lives in sorrow; Soon, Soon, may it dawn on my desolate path: Oh! bright may it beam, that unfading To-morrow, That breaks on the night of the Pilgrim of Death.

#### ON THE BUST OF A POET.

HEAD of a Poet! fit for thy great soul,

That not for long an earthly tenement

Within its carnal limits could controul;

For thou for a celestial sphere wast meant:

For few sad years thy glowing mind was lent

To this dark world; part of that mighty Whole,

That lives creative: So in starlit night,

We watch yon phantom form, whose bright extent

Fills half the sky: We see his mystic light;

But know not whence he comes, nor where he ends

his flight.

## "Sic transit Gloria Mundi."\*

King of the Souls of Mortals! crowned,
Prince, Priest, and Prophet, greet the day!
List not to yonder empty sound,
"Sic transit Mundi Gloria!"

Gold, valued not as Wealth, but Power,
O'er Heavenward pilgrims boundless sway,
Bright, godlike Wisdom, are thy dower;
"Sic transit Mundi Gloria!"

Watch not you smoke, that curling floats,
Then melts in air; for thousands pray
Thy blessing; list the joyful notes!
"Sic transit Mundi Gloria!"

Thy smile the mightiest Monarchs seek;
Bend to thy foot, to homage pay;
Thy name unnumbered nations speak:
"Sic transit Mundi Gloria!"

<sup>•</sup> At the ceremony of the possesso, by the Pope, in the Church of Saint John Lateran, a Monk, lighting a piec of tow, exclaims, as the smoke melts in air, "Sancte Pater sic transit Gloria Mundi" (Holy Father, so passes are the Glory of this World).

Yet is thy wine-press trod alone; Thy noon is past; thy evening grey; Thy mother's longing heart is gone: "Sic transit Mundi Gloria!"

Sad is thy path to that grim door;
Few flow'rets on Life's borders stray;
The sun shines colder than of yore;
"Sic transit Mundi Gloria!"

Few years: then 'neath you temple's dome, Will sleep a form of mould'ring clay, Forgotten in thy charnel-home; "Sic transit Mundi Gloria!"

# A CHRISTIAN HYMN.

A.IR-" Rousseau's Dream.".

Who shall cleanse us? who from sorrow Shall our sinful spirit save? Who shall give a glorious morrow To the cold night of the grave?

He shall cleanse us, He shall save us, Who on Calvary His blood, Flowing from His Godhead, gave us, Let us, kneeling, drink the flood. He for us resigned His Spirit;
He awaits us in the sky;
Never ending joys inherit
Those in His pure faith who die.

Sound His praises! Sing of Glory! Sing of Triumph, Joy and Love! Let the Heavens repeat the story, Bliss awaits our souls above.

#### THE DEAD HEART.

THE Chains have fallen from his hands,
A thousand voices cry
Loose the poor Prisoner's fetter-bands;
My brave one! Thou art free:

Note.—Robert Landry, a Student, shut up in the Bastille by means of a lettre de cachet, on the eve of his marriage, brooded for twenty years over his wrongs; believing that his mistress had connived at the violence done him by the Count de St. Valerie. Liberated by the mob at the destruction of the Bastille in 1789, he finds that his old love has married the Count, and by him has an only son. The Count is dead. Robert Landry having obtained the Governorship of the Conciergerie, holds this son a prisoner: on the corpse of an Abbé is found a note proving that the Count de St. Valerie had believed Landry to have died in the Bastille, and had married the reluctant girl as an expiation. Robert, finding there is not time to obtain a pardon, takes the place of the young Count in the tumbril, and is executed.—Story of 'The Dead Heart.'

Life, Liberty, and Hope once more Are thine; the dungeon's gloom No longer holds thee; you grim door Guards not, sad Guest! thy home. Though twenty Winters slowly passed, And twenty Summers sped, Of Misery thou hast seen the last: He sighed,—" My Heart is Dead! "It slowly died, though weary years "One thought its drops distilled; "In all that time I shed no tears: "It poisoned till it killed. "I Loved; I've not forgot the tale; "And I was by my love betrayed: "She sold me; 'twas a damned sale, "A monster of a man it made: "She sold me; I was dragged to death, "A living death; and then He smiled, "My Rival smiled; my blood and breath "Were hers: oh! yes, I was beguiled "As others have been; but my Love "Was all to me; it was my Life! "Revenge alone my heart can move, "Revenge on him who stole my Wife."

<sup>&</sup>quot;No! Madam, no! my path is straight;
"My duty shall be duly done;
"Ay! shut within that gloomy gate,
"In fetters lies your only son:

- "Recall a scene! a room recall!

  "A humble room, but it was yours;

  "It was the time of Carnival;

  "I gave you then some spring-time flowers:

  "Yes! you have kept them, I've no doubt,

  "But you've been married since: no sin

  "Was yours, but still you were without

  "Those stony walls, and I within:

  "You say you always loved me; loved!

  "Blasphemer! are those tears of Sorrow?

  "Or Fear? Yes, I am quite unmoved:

  "Your Son, my First Love! dies to-morrow."
- "I told them that my Heart is dead; "I feel no Pity: Justice calls, "And beckons to yon scaffold red, "On which the morning's day-beam falls: "This letter bears that hated name, "My rival's name, dead long ago; "'Twas high in FRANCE's roll of Fame, "But, as the mob sing, 'That will go:' "What says the writer? 'He is dead, "' The man she loved, in the Bastille; " 'Now, if you choose it, you can wed, " 'And thus your wounded conscience heal:' "'The man she loved!' it must be so! "She thought me dead, and so did he; "He married; no dishonour, no! "Yes, yes! my soul would now be free.

- "But one path leads: Time flies too fast:
  - "My life for his: my rage is done:
- "My vengeance fails me at the last:
  - "Yes! Mother, thou shalt kiss thy son."

#### WELLINGTON.

BEFORE the dark Enchantress
The firm-faced Victor stands;
Her cavern in the desert rock
'Mid India's burning sands:

- "Wear this; a mighty Conqueror's Sword,
  "Ay, gird it on thy thigh;
- "And bear it where it has been borne,
  - "In the van of Victory!

NOTE.—The Duke of Wellington, soon after the Battle of Assaye, visited the cave of a female Magician famous throughout Hindostan: this person presented him with a sword, traditionally believed to have belonged to Gengiiz Khan, the Conqueror of India, the Prophetess telling him at the same time that he would be the greatest conqueror in the world. This Sword the Duke wore in all his battles: it is represented in Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of him at Waterloo; and was lost for some years. The Sword was ultimately recognised at Christie's auction-room on the sale of Sir T. L.'s effects, by a gentleman who bought it for 30s., and given back to the Duke.

- "That sabre through long years has hung,
  - " For never yet my soul
- "Has felt the presence of the Man "Red blazoned in Fate's scroll.
- "Go! Man of Men! in Battle's storm
  - "Raise o'er thy head the brand!
- "Through waves of blood, on War's proud mane
  - "Place fearlessly thy hand!
- "In visions on my soul that crowd
  - "I see thy banners fly,
- "Where thunders rive the battlement,
  - "And hide in storm the sky:
- "I see thy baffled foes return,
  - "Where Havoc strews their path;
- "Where Murder and foul Rapine stalk,
  - " And all is Fire and Death.
- "Then borne on Valour's pinions sweep
  - "Thy armies to pursue;
- "Thy Lion-race shall crown their Chief,
  - "Where the plume-stripped Eagle flew.
- "Fame's dazzling honours deck thy breast;
  - "A world's Renown is thine:
- "When thy country greets thy Glory, think
  - "What prophecy was mine!

- "But brighter yet a vision glows,
  - "Ay! nobler yet thy Fame;
- "A terror-stricken world shall call
  - "Upon thy saving name:
- "The Nations cast on thee their Hope,
  - "Their Power at thy feet;
- "That Sword shall deck thee on the day,
  - "When warring Empires meet:
- "Thy Comrades who around thee fight
- "Shall fall among the slain;
- "But thou shalt bear a charmed life "Upon that Northern plain.
- "When through that day, that long, dark day,
  - "The lurid clouds have spread,
- "A Sunburst at the evening hour
  - "Shall blaze above thy head:
- "Then, Soldier! is thy Triumph's hour,
  - "The hour that's sealed by Fate:
- "Go, Hero! Of the Sons of Men
  - "Most fitly called 'The Great.'"

A Spot so shadowed all the Forest through You cannot find, in a long Summer's day; An old Oak spreads in the dark air his bough; All Life above, while all below Decay:

And moss is there untrodden for long years, Crisp, delicate, and wooing to the tread; Pale leaf-ghosts moistened by their sisters' tears; And berries not yet gay with Winter's red.

A spot primeval: Search the fallen leaves Of fifty generations, dig down deep, Here where the Birch its branches interweaves; And lay on either side the fragrant heap:

Yes! here they lie; as on that Autumn night,
When west winds whirled the Oak tree in their
blast;

Ay! here they lie; those bones, that look so white, Were placed here by their owners long time past.

A Man; a Girl; you see the smaller one, That was a Girl; she loved, and so did he; At least he pitied; and so sin was done: 'Tis what has been, and what again will be: He pitied, and his Pity cost his life;
A sword-thrust let some light into his breast;
Not fairly given, but as a murderer's knife,
Bad treatment, was it not so, for a guest?

Then he was thrust into the Darkness: blood
Dripped from him; but she followed, and her
hand

Kept for a time his Life: the pathless wood

They sought: 'twas rumoured they had left the
land:

But here they came: and soon he died: the wound Was straightly dealt; he lived one Autumn day: She did not weep; but laid him on the ground At length, and smoothed his hair in her old way:

She smiled on him, and kissed him at the least
A thousand times, he was so dearly loved!
She smiled, and cleared the blood that stained his
breast;

Then fresh moss from this oak-tree's root she moved:

She took his head upon her knees, and played,
And disarranged the hair that she had smoothed;
And watched the crimson-tinted Evening fade;
And sang; as though the song his slumber soothed:

- A wayward song, that seemed not of the Earth,

  Heard when the birch-tree paused from his long

  moans;
- A wayward song of Sorrow and of Mirth:
  You see how close to his are laid her bones;
- She laid them there. Before day broke she died:
  Yes, died; and breathed her last breath through
  his lips:
- The west wind buried them, close side by side;
  Just as to-day the yellow leaves he strips.

### THE DEMON OF THE RING.

"Tis the plague of Great Ones,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites."—SHAKS.

No Spectre black, nor Goblin blue,
No phantom of the Dead,
No wandering Ghost of doubtful hue,
No fiend of fiery red,
No rattling chains, no dying moan,
No blood-stained bed I sing;
Yet chilling as pale Death his tone,
The DEMON OF THE RING.

Not by all youths his voice is heard,
Some frolic in his spite;
To younger sons he gives no word,
Nor freezes them with fright;
They revel all unchecked and gay,
As empty travellers sing
Before the robber on their way,
This DEMON OF THE RING.

A Father's portly form he wears,
With frank, good-humoured face,
His cordial grip disarms your fears,
Of Treachery no trace;
True interest in your welfare beams,
Away Suspicion fling;
Yet in your ear to whisper seems
His jocund voice, "The Ring!"

Yon comely Dame, whose careless glance
Towards yourself you met,
When from the whirling Waltz's trance
You'd just released her pet,
Whose winning smile, insouciant,
And free from worldly sting—
He has no oftener favoured haunt,
The Demon of the Ring.

But sadder yet the Dream of Youth, Of wealthy Youth I mean, Who, though he's rich, believes in Truth,
And seeks his bosom's Queen;
Who still believes that when Love's paid
Love's kisses sadness bring;
Whom mocks, when Settlements are made,
The Demon of the Ring.

His whispered words, his burning gaze,
He dreams have won a heart;
With Her he seeks the Moon's pure rays,
Nor feels of earth a part:
Ha! from those lips! that awful word!
White arms around him cling;
They are the Fiend's—His voice is heard—
The DEMON OF THE RING.

BLITHE as a bird in Summer air There played a peasant's child; Her face was fair, her golden hair In morning's breeze blew wild.

I silent gazed, and thoughtful stood, Such radiant hope to see; Her laugh was ringing in the wood, I gladdened at her glee. An Autumn's eve was glowing,
I passed the cottage door;
A low long moan, a deathlike tone
The chilling breezes bore.

They laid her in a sunlit grave,
The holy words were read:
"Who die in Him who died to save,
"How blessed are the dead!"

## "DE LUNATICO."

Sit, Doctor; wheel you elbow chair,— No, not too near, and hear my tale; Fit hour is this; above the hills Night, weary night, begins to pale.

Yes, hear the madman's tale, and know My grisly secret; not again Shall the hot, soul-tormenting sun Scorch with his cruel beams my brain.

Few hours, and this sad heart will stop
Its feverish beating; and repose,
Rest, longed for rest, will come at last,
And Life's long dreary chapter close.

My heart beats slowly; open wide Yon window; oh! the morning air Drives through my languid brain the blood, And for a moment quells Despair.

You've not forgot, though years have passed,
The day when that poor girl was found,
There, near that elm-tree, in the lake,—
Here you can see the place,—dead, drowned

My steward's daughter: she seemed pure, And merry as the bird in spring; And radiant as yon glistening world; But in her eyes, there lay the sting:

Yes, and they stung away my sense,
My thoughts, my hopes, and now my life;
I loved,—oh! fearful word!—I loved,
And she became—off, fiends!—my wife.

Then hell was loose:—oh! I am calm—
I will not rave—my secret bride
Was—spare me, Devils! spare my shame!
Oh! cease your victim to deride.

They viewed her body, white and cold:

I kissed her lips—one clinging kiss;

Oh! God forgive her: as I turned,

Behind me serpents seemed to hiss.

"Felo de se" the fools declared;
A cross-road burial was decreed;
I slew the girl; and yet I heard,
Unmoved, the babblers blame her deed.

But fiends then first became my guests;
They hovered round my bed and board;
They lurked behind the Summer leaves;
They hid where Winter's pine-trees roared.

There was a laugh that never ceased,
A hideous laugh—there, can't you hear?
I hear it now, close to the hearth,
It taunts my pride, it jars my ear.

And then I knew that I grew wild,

That I should be a madman soon;
I felt it in the noonday's glare,

And in the fulness of the Moon.

I knew that men would watch my steps,

That freedom would be scantly given;
I was not sure but I should change

For one dark room the light of Heaven.

But no one yet my acts controuled:

I stole, in one long Winter's night,
Alone, amid the rain and cold,
Without a spade, without a light:

I found the cross-road, and I kneeled,
And tearing with my hands the ground,
My hands that bled, I worked and worked
Until her stake-pierced corpse I found:

I bore it to yon desert farm;
I did not look into her eyes;
I cast her in the cauldron's pool;
The grave-worms must have missed their prize

I burned her flesh: high, high it flamed, Against the sky, that lurid blaze; I joined her bones with cunning skill: Yes, now you understand the craze

That made the madman pray, and tell
That this bare room contained his love;
Observe, I move the massive bed,
You see in shade a dim alcove.

Ah! little dreamed ye of my joy,

The madman's joy, when in the night
I brought my beauty from her cell,

And placed her in the Moon's full light.

What was't to me her taper limbs

Were now white bones? Her fleshless face

Still seemed to smile, and in the shade

Each rosy dimple I could trace.

But 'mid my joy the sting remained,
For, from their sockets white and bare,
The eyes still shone, or seemed to shine,
The eyes that stung me to Despair.

Well, Doctor, you have heard my tale:
I'm dying; yes, I feel it here:
Peace comes at last; long sought for rest:
I die without a friend, a tear.

Humour the madman's latest whim;

Place in my charnel home her bones;

Write on my grave, in deep-cut words,

This soul felt legend—"LOVE ATONES."

#### WHY LINGER HERE?

My Father looks upon my cheek,
Bright, flushed, as though with Hope and Cheer,
But voices in a whisper speak,
"Why linger here? why linger here?"

My Mother's weary, anxious sigh,

Though smiling, tells me all her fear;
I fear not, no, if I should die;

Why linger here? why linger here?

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The birds at noon that sang so sweet,

Have left the copse, and woodland drear,
Save one my Fancy makes repeat,

"Why linger here?"

Those green graves where my Brothers sleep, How quietly! to me are dear; Yet, when I pass, I do not weep; Why linger here? why linger here?

I love to wander when the rain
Has softened the harsh biting air;
Soon, soon, I hope to end my pain;
Why linger here? why linger here?

The sunset shows a path to Heaven,
Where Sorrow sleeps, and dry the tear;
Such path, pray God! to me be given;
Why linger here? why linger here?

## POMPEI NEX.

WHAT though a World was lately lost,
Fill, fill, the mighty Roman's Sail;
Bear him to sheltering Egypt's coast;
His standard wave, thou wanton gale!

The Hero is not all alone;
Friends, who have fought, surround him still;
PHARSALIA'S bloody day is done,
But chainless POMPEY'S godlike will:

Nor is her Love less glowing now,

Than when a toy he held the Sphere;

CORNELIA leans upon yon prow,

Thy Crown, thy Hope, thy Love is here.

Shorewards white waves the galley urge!

How Pompey's noble stature gleams;

How red his corslet o'er the surge

Reflects the Sun's storm-threatening beams:

Ah! turn thine eyes; oh! watch no more;
Too bloody is the tale to tell;
Close, Night! Shut out the ghastly shore!
Let Cæsar weep for Pompey fell!

<sup>•</sup> In the SPADA Palace at Rome, the statue of POMPEY, at whose base JULIUS CÆSAR died, holds the globe in the left hand, as if with disregard.

### SONG.

Come where the willows bending weep, When the twilight sky is darkly grey; Come when the restless swallows sweep, And the dew-tear falls for the dying Day.

It is not a tale of Hope and Love,

That thine ear shall drink by the rippling river;

Though Love may beam from the Stars above,

Where Hope shines on to-night and ever;

It is not a tale of the Time of Old,
When the baffled Chieftain fighting fell,
That I'll tell to thee by the waters cold,
Ere I whisper the word Farewell, Farewell:

'Tis a tale of one who, in vanished years, On Love's sad stage has played his part; Who still fights on, though his banner bears In the Battle of Life a Broken Heart.

## CLYTÆMNESTRA.

Should you wander at night 'neath the crescent moon,

In their golden path where the wavelets quiver, You may dimly see, at that spectral noon, A shadowless form that resteth never.

She watches the edge of the plashing wave;
And her endless way on the shore she keeps;
Her look is of one who has passed the grave,
And her eyes of one who never sleeps.

When the winds are high, and the thunders roar, By the lightning's flash you may see her form; Where the foam-crowned breakers lash the shore, And the seal-caves sound to the winter's storm:

O'er the sun-parched earth, in each frozen clime, Still roves the phantom form, and ever Her hand has the hue of a long-past crime, And her heart shall cease its cold pulse never.

## LAYS OF LONDON.

VI.

# The Albany.

WHEN Twenty years have lately flown, And we that glittering bauble own, Yclept the World, nought comes amiss From dowager, or schoolroom miss; Their flattering honey thick, and thicker, Seems to our hearts the best of liquor; And when each damsel holds the cup, We grandly condescend to sup: We doubt no more than CLICOUOT'S wine. Whether the draught be genuine. But take it with capacious swallow, From old, and young, rose-cheeked, and sallow. When Thirty's reached, the crowd bewilders. Young worshippers push out the elders; In roses' otto we have bathed. Not wholly by rose-thorns unscathed, Found ladies' hearts are wondrous brittle, Begin to pick and choose a little; And, conscious of a strong position, Encourage wholesome competition.

When Forty comes, as come it will, That half-way house on nature's hill: Though black, when seen through coming years. He's not so bad when he appears: One used to think, that day arrived, "Death!" one would cry, "for I have lived;" Not so: though from SAINT JAMES'S tower Will shortly sound that fated hour: Each flattérer tries our soul to win: For instance, thus 'tis they begin; "The things I hate the most are boys, "They cannot talk, but make a noise; "They're half an hour each sentence cooking. " And nowadays are not good-looking; " Expression is what I adore: "Such features as the ROMANS wore; "Small feet, small hands, and oh! small ears"-So prattle on these guileless dears: " How dazzling is the Poet's glory! " To live, till Time shall end, in story; " I've read your speeches in the House; · " Pa says that few have so much 'nous;' "When do you mean to speak again? " How restless I shall be till then: "Can't you speak now? I'd like to hear ye, "Oh! how the Government must fear ye; " I don't know if you're Whig or Tory, " How my simplicity must bore ye "---

And so on: when will end the chapter?

When will our heart-strings feel no rapture? When will our eyes no longer seek
The conscious blush on girlhood's cheek?
When will arrive those saddest days,
When Beauty whispers not our praise?
When shall that night of sorrow come?
The lyre be mute, the voice be dumb?
Oh! never: ere unmoved the eye,
That passes us regardless by,
Ere to dull ears we strike our Lyre,
Ere Passion's past, and quenched Love's fire,
Oh! long ere this may charnel deep
Keep us in cold but quiet sleep;
May Fate that gave, unasked, our birth,
Remove us from a sunless earth.

# A Thought from LUCIA.

Angel of Love! whose wings are spread,
Whose pure heart throbs no more with Passion's
fire;

Angel of Love! whose soul has sped,
In Faith unstained, to join the heavenly choir;

I hear thy voice amid the throng,

That bear thee soaring, robed in ecstasy;

Grant, loved and lost, but not for long,

One earthward smile to draw my soul to thee!

### A NIGHT AT ABOUKIR.

In Autumn's still night I was floating and thinking; So calm the clear water, scarce rippled the wave; No tide ebbed nor flowed, thought to thought I was linking,

Above the bright stars, and below me the brave:

Below in the darkness; the slime for their pillow, Brave hearts that had fought and had conquered erewhile:

Fifty years had winds whistled and tumbled the billow

Unrecked, since they conquered and fell at the Nile!

Again in my fancy the oak-ribs are crashing,
Again in my ear do the thunderbolts roar,
Again like a meteor the war-flags are flashing,
Through the lurid haze shading the ships and the shore.

But gone is the battle; the thunders are dying;
Nor breathes o'er the black waves the echo of wars:
No sound, save the wind with remembrances sighing;
No sight except Nelson writ bright in the stars.

## A TALE OF TALAVERA.

LISTEN, Ladies, to a story, Short but sad, which I will tell; Fifty years ago it happened: Two brave soldiers it befell: When the hosts of Marshal Victor Sorely were by Wellesley pressed, (Ever did he chase their footsteps, Never did he give them rest): There, on TALAVERA'S plain, Rival hosts each other view; Deadly was their heart's intention; Slaughter ruthless does ensue: From the early morning's dawn Press the British on their foe: Bravely does the gallant FRENCHMAN Stand, and give back blow for blow. Now for hours the fight has raged: Bloody has the combat been; Sore oppressed by heat and slaughter, Glad of rest were all, I ween: Truce has sounded; safe from danger Each tired soldier seeks the stream. Which between the armies gurgles, Bitter foes no more they seem;

GAUL from BRITON, foe from foe. Scarcely does the stream divide: Each his burning forehead moistens, Kneeling by the gentle tide: Now, no more at bayonet's point, Hearts so brave stand side by side: To each wish for health and fortune Quickly is the wish replied: Two young Captains hail each other, No two braver live, I deem, One from Britain's gallant horsemen Dips his wine-flask in the stream; Gaily he salutes the other: "Santé! gallant Voltigeur!" " May good luck attend you," quickly He replies, "from ill secure " May you soon your love rejoin: " Here's her health, if you'll permit, " Drain this cup, and drink the hour, "When we this weary work shall quit:" Now they speak in courteous converse; When to his fevered lips he bears The draught, that quickens his heart's beating. Each wan face is wet with tears; Each recalls a home, where waits him One loved maiden, pure and good; Sad to her the time is passing, Distant from this scene of blood; In the calm secluded spot,

1/

Where these brave men's thoughts have strave Daily, in each peaceful home Angel's lips have for them prayed; Each a portrait of his loved one Near his heart in secret bears: Smile not, Ladies, when I tell you Neither is unsoiled by tears: "None," says Alphonse smiling sadly, " None War's fortune can foretell, " I may fall before the sunset, "You may sing alive and well; "Why should we not give each other "That which both have treasured most? "He that lives shall bear it to her. "With the love of him she's lost." Ah! well thought; with one fond kiss, WILLIAM doth his portrait give; So ALPHONSE; his ring each fastens, Pledge for him that shall survive: Hark! the bugle's call is heard, "Au revoir!" cries gay ALPHONSE, " Au revoir! mon Camarade;" "Friend adieu /" was his response. Now once more the Battle rages; Serried ranks are closed again; Far are heard the trumpets' wailing;

Smoke-clouds veil the parching plain;
ALPHONSE leads his brave battalion,
(Slain his Colonel), to the front;

Honour's Cross he gains for bearing, Firm as rock, the battle's brunt: Ah! that cry: why falls the brave one? Woundless lies he; gone his life; Sunstruck, deathstruck; passed for ever Valour, glory, love, and strife. Sabres glitter in the sunshine: Plumes are waving; trumpets sound; Rush the British horsemen onward. Where the French squares keep the ground: What you waving sabre's meaning? "Forward!" what that warning hand? Ah I too late that cry of danger; Crumbles 'neath their tread the sand; Horse and horseman in the torrent Struggle, sink, while volleys roll, Fierce, unceasing, from the Frenchman; None can reach their deadly goal: WILLIAM'S steed still bravely bears him Where the shattered ranks reform; Pierced his ankle; nought of danger Brings he from the bullets' storm. Rolls away the tide of battle; Careful hands his foot have bound: Shaded from the sunlight lies he, Where the dry grass clothes the ground: Whence this smoke so thick and stifling? Whence these flames that skyward dart? Comrades! soldiers! save him, save him;

None are near thee, gallant heart!
Youth and valour what avail thee?
On the blue sky look thy last!
Charred and scorched thy limbs shall blacken,
When the deadly flame has passed.

### THE MARTYR.

BY

## Paul de la Roche.

FLOATS on the shady pool, gently by Death Welcomed, that lovely one; but that no breath Raises her bosom, we should not deem But that her purest soul loved in a dream, Loved as the angels loved ere their bright forms Tasted Mortality: hushed are the storms; Peaceful the mountain-lake bears on its breast, Soothingly, lovingly, lulling to rest, Innocence trusting the true God to save; Wafts her to Heaven each glory-lit wave.

# GETTYSBURG.

By the sighing of our maidens,
By the tears of those at home,
We have vowed to die or conquer,
And the day of Death has come:

We had looked for Love's rewarding, We had heard the murmured vow, We had hoped to win the Laurel, But the Cypress binds our brow:

Who shall tell the tale of slaughter?
Who shall bear our dying words?
A hundred foemen wait us,
A hundred hungry swords.

Oh! summer breezes bear them
To the home we love so well!
Oh! fading Sun, shine softly,
When to-morrow's tale you tell!

# LAYS OF LONDON.

VII.

May Fair.

# A Rigmarolic Dde.

Oh! who can the charms of a Residence paint
In the groves of May Fair, where bright
Fashion\* has placed

<sup>\*</sup> When will arise the Poet-Philosopher, who shall analyse the subtle, and enormous power of FASHION? the Power that

Her Throne and Dominion? No Catholic Saint Not those of Cologne, though so charmingly chaste,

Has received the low reverence Fashion obtains
From her votaries, whether at Banquet or Ball;
Nor can Plutus himself, o'er his aurean gains,
Count such numbers of Pilgrims. In Fashion's

gay hall

The Soldier receives his last measure of glory;
The Orator's spurred by her leering applause;

Yes, even the Preacher, with locks long and hoar, The verdict of Fashion awaits, and the cause

Of his Master, who died on the torturing cross, Is second in thought to a Chapel well filled,

Where bonnets, not heads, are beneath him: the

Of Pew-rents, not Souls, is his fear. Had I willed,

With pen dipped in gall, to write verses satiric,

To show plainly the goal of the Hypocrite's race,

I would paint a pet Priest: not of such is my
lyric,

So at once I put by his most sensual face.

gave the brightest reward: apparently capricious, but exquisitely just: whose favour neither the most exalted virtue, the brightest wit, the highest rank, unlimited wealth, nor the most consummate impudence, could purchase: whose existence in London society ceased with the life of SARAH, Lady JERSEY, a Queen whose undisputed and despotic sway lasted for sixty years.

- Let us turn to a picture more lovely; that Girl,
  Who has now ridden past up the STREET that's
  called HILL;
- She has just put her foot in the eddies that whirl Round Fashion's wild vortex; there yet lingers still
- On her cheek the sweet blush that in years past she wore;
  - An old friend pérhaps the cause, whom she recognised when
- His hat from his brow he up-raised; but of yore
  A greeting more tender she gave. Now and
  Then
- Are words that we carelessly use, but their tale
  Is a sad one: at once let us follow; the Park
- Is full of horse-riders and walkers; we fail
  - At first to discover our quarry; but hark!
- In Kensington Gardens the band is now playing; Let us join the gay group; she will doubtless be there;
- Oh! sad *Now* and *Then* I was prosily saying;
  But again I outspy her; her dark auburn hair.
- It was red when a child, o'er her shoulders is flowing,
  - Escaped from the clasp which dread Fashion, not Taste,
- Has obliged her to wear: oh! with purest health glowing,
  - So gracefully bent on her horse she is placed,

- While her habit close fitting her tapering waist
  Shows exact to Love's eyes: oh! to think when
  a child
- She would leap to my knees, and in rapturous haste Would greet her old friend with affections so wild,
- You would hardly believe that no passion was there;
  - No! 'twas Love the most pure, such as Angels above
- Must have felt ere in mortal DESIRE and DESPAIR

  They steeped their bright souls; 'twas so sinless her Love.
- She is listening now to those lengthening notes
  That vibrate so clearly, and tell the sad tale
- Of the prisoner caged: when from high turret floats
  To his mistress's ear his quick doom. She turns
  pale
- As she thinks of that scene; she looks hither; I wonder
  - What made her so suddenly crimson become:
- The air is oppressive; the muttering thunder

  Foretells a smart shower; let us walk towards

  home.

## A BALLAD REWRITTEN.

Over the mountains,
And over the waves;
Under the fountains,
And under the graves;
'Mid floods that are deepest,
That wild winds obey;
O'er rocks that are steepest
Love finds out his way.

Where there's no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there's not space
For the midsummer fly;
Where the lion ne'er ventures,
The wolf dare not stray,
If Love comes he enters
And finds out his way.

'Mid dreadful war's rattle,
'Mid carnage and blood,
Where fiercest the battle,
Where rolls the red flood,
Love looks in Death's face
With a smile that is gay,
Though Fate lead the race
Still Love finds out his way.

When the winter waves break
On the desolate shores;
When the winter winds shriek
And the thunder cloud roars;
By the lightning's blue flame
That turns midnight to day,
But call on his name
And he'll find out his way.

Some may esteem him
A child for his might;
Some, too, may deem him,
A coward from flight;
But if she Love, may honour
Be hid from the day,
Set a thousand guards on her,
He'll find out his way.

Some think to lose him,
And keep him confined;
Some, too, suppose him,
Poor boy, to be blind;
But though closely ye wall him,
The best that ye may,
Blind Love ye may call him,
He'll find out his way.

NOTE.- The wretched version of this fine old balls serted in Bishop PERCY'S "Reliques of English Poinduced me to endeavour to restore something of the plicity of the original: I have rewritten the whole; in two stanzas; and omitted the last of the Bishop's, relessly bad.— M.

# The Flogging.

From SMITH Minor.

AN ETON EPIC.

I now and then look in at the OLD BAILEY,
That is, the Court of Justice of that name,
Where lovely ladies flaunt their bonnets gaily,
And use their spy-glass; think not I would
blame:

I've watched the Prisoner eye the Judges palely, When Mr. HARKER loudly does proclaim Silence,\* and then the Arraign-clerk asks him why In hideous irony he should not die.

On any one who has heard this functionary request, at public dinners, "Silence, gentlemen, for 'IS ROYAL HIGHNESS!" "Silence for your Chairman!" "This is a BUMPar toast!" "Pray, charge your glasses!" it must produce a startling effect when, in a voice, solemn, but still incurably humorous, he exclaims (as I remember in PALMER'S case), "Silence in the Court while my Lord CHIEF JUSTICE passes sentence of Death upon the Prisoner."

<sup>\*</sup> When Mr. HARKER loudly does proclaim Silence.

But still to me more terrible appears

That cold politeness, careless, almost gay,
When the PRÆPOSTOR 'mid the benches peers,\*

### \* When the PRÆPOSTOR 'mid the benches peers.

Some explanation of the duties of this office may be interesting: and as the "ultimum supplicium" may pass away like other sensible institutions, a short account may not be misplaced here. I will give an ordinary case. Mr. Tomkyns ("Mr." being the prefix given to the sons of Peers) is observed by the MASTER in SCHOOL to be peculiarly attentive to his book, during the construing of one of the most beautiful passages in OVID. Mr. TOMKYNS not having, according to the MASTER'S experience, any very strongly developed taste for classic learning, this studiousness induces the MASTER to call him up. A slight spasm crosses the face of Mr. T., and, rising, he presents a ghastly picture of detected imposture: the book, in which he has been affecting to follow the hard. is a Greek grammar, outwardly resembling an OVID: an unanswerable case. The MASTER, taking a slip of paper held perpendicularly, shows Mr. T. his fate. " This is the second time, Mr. T.; I shall complain of you." Whereupon the slip of paper, with something written on it, is delivered to the PRÆPOSTOR, who takes it to the HEAD-MASTER. gust person says, " Tell Mr. TOMKYNS to STAY, and tell the 6th Form PRÆPOSTOR."

When school is over at 11'45, Mr. T. repairs to "the Library," which he finds empty or crowded according to the interest of the executions to take place. He may have the satisfaction of seeing friends flogged first; but when his tum arrives, his name is mildly pronounced by the HEAD-MASTER. Mr. T. then murmurs excuses, which are listened to, but which produce no effect. The 6th Form PREPOSTOR hands to the HEAD-MASTER a birch rod, something over a put

Then says in heartless accents, "Smith's to stay," Back to the door, 'mid grinning ranks, he steers,

While all Smith's friends with kindly purpose say,

long, with 14 inches left flexible, the rest tied tightly together. The number of cuts for the above offence would not be above five, but for greater cases, such as bullying, &c., I have known fourteen cuts administered. The opinion of those who have been best qualified to judge has pronounced the fifth to be the most painful; and in case of a pause between each cut, the torture is greatly increased. Two "lower boy collegers" stand behind the Block, for the purpose of restraining any boy whose nerves may get the better of his determination to bear all unflinchingly, but they are very rarely called upon to act.

The term PRÆPOSTOR must not be confused with that of PRÆPOSITUS, or PROVOST, whose functions are slightly different.

I am preparing a great work, "THE LIVES OF THE PRÆ-POSTORS."

As I am not a master of slander it may not equal "THE LIVES OF THE CHANCELLORS," but it will be amusing, for instance,

The Rev. RICHARD OKES, D.D., Head of KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE:

There can be no doubt that this eminent person once filled the office of PREPOSTOR of the *Upper Remove Remove*:

Travelling in NORTH WALES, he remonstrated with the Innkeeper on the enormity of his charge, and on Mr. JONES retorting that during the crowded season the price of lodging and board was arbitrary, Dr. OKES replied, "I presume Mr. JONES, that you take your ethics from the ETON Greek Grammar. 'IONES in auctis temporibus geminatione uti solent.'"

The following is by the same hand:

When the turbulence of '48 drove LUDWIG from his capital and his innamorata.

"Don't mind, old fellow!" (they don't drink the cup),

While some advise him, "Keep your pecker up."

"Ah! who can tell save he whose soul has tried"
The dreadful torments\* that too soon ensue?
The black Prepostors stand the block † beside:
The Executioner of sable hue:
The lacerating weapon may be spied,
With which they lash and lash till all is blue:
The deed is done, and now I draw the veil,
As he his trousers, over his sad tale.

Thus spake BAVARIA's classic King, When forced to cut and run, Secure my place, pack everything! 'Ολώλα, I'm undone.

\* The dreadful torments that too soon ensue.

There has always been a school of free-thinkers on the subject of flogging; sceptics who doubt the suffering caused by the external application of Birch; but I have found this opinion entirely limited to those who have never experienced it.

## † THE BLOCK beside.

This differs from the Block preserved in the Tower, on which Lords Balmerino and Fraser placed their necks: it is formed of two steps of massive oak: the present Block dates from the epoch of H enry, third Marquess of WATERFORD, who removed the old one in the dead of night.

I shall be glad to receive (addressed to the Publisher) good anecdotes of ETON, past and present.—M.

SIR DRU DE BARANTINE, puissant Knight,
Puissant in his body as his mind,
In the first RICHARD'S reign espoused his love;
The blue-eyed ETHELREDA, Saxon born;
Blue-eyed, rose-cheeked, dark eyebrows, golden hair,
Sun-stained and various, flowing in broad curls;
A form of radiant symmetry; a hand
Taper and dimpled; a small high-arched foot;
Her every robe and band in faultless taste,
And grace in every movement of her limbs;
Lovely her smile as sunbeams on a rose;
And curled her lip as with an Angel's pride.

Not long the nuptial pageant had passed by, When through the land the trumpet's sound rang out,

And, summoned to his monarch's side, Sir Dru
Left wife, and home, and joy, for PALESTINE:
His idol still upon her pedestal,
Still pure, and perfect, in his Fancy's glow:

Idolatry, the word, not Love, of earth
Earthy though heart-felt, and still less Desire:

Affection strong but such as grown from Wordship

Affection strong, but such as grew from Worship; Worship more pure than one in thousands feels,

When at God's altar he tells o'er his beads:
Worship that looked not, sought not, for reward;
Worship that was content, so it but knew
No other knees were bended at the shrine.

Oh! purest worship of the ideal good!
The ray that reaches us, for countless years
Sped from the starry whirlpools of blue space,
Through wastes of ether, to this humblest sphere,
Is not so bright, so stainless, so unearthly,
As Woman pictured in a true man's heart.

Sir Dru de Barantine reached Holy Land, And fought the foremost; on his helmet's crest He bore his lady's colours, blue and white; And when red Death stared boldest in his face, Her lovely lineaments still came between.

One sultry morning, when two months were past, The wind from desert Araby blew hot:

Waking with fever'd brow, Sir Dru perceived,
On the rude chest, that served his tent for all,
A folded letter: oh! how leaped his heart:
He watched it long, as one who shuns Fruition,
And revels in Anticipation's joys.
How came it here? no superscription writ!

Unsealed and open; but they are her words;
A hundred kisses ere a line be read.

Why pales Sir Dru? why does the strong man groan,

And tremble, and lay hand upon his sword?
Her words are words of love, not strong, nor new;
Most commonplace, such as one reads in books;
And full of gay, light-hearted banter; such
As men delight to get from one whose smiles
Are won quite easily, and so are lost:
Gay, trivial jests; quite innocent: no hint
Of pleasures past; mere make-believe of Love;
With sly allusions to some absent friend,
Whose love was far too fanciful to please;
The lady sought a more substantial wooer.
Why can Sir Dru scarce rise upon his feet?
'Tis his wife's letter; but not writ to him.

That day was bloody; horse and horse were slain,

For in the thickest crowd Sir Dru clove heads:
From horse to horse his squires the housing changed:

His housing sable with three eaglets or;
And gore-besmeared: but Death found not Sir Dru.
Just as the cedared hills hid the red sun,
A stealthy stab, from one he'd spared, struck deep,
And on his fevered couch the soldier lay:
Then, when the still tents bleached beneath the
Moon.

Words of hot passion, gasping sighs, were heard;

And thrown as from a madman's love-scorched brain,

The name of ETHELREDA struck the ear.

Sir Dru died not: nor did he wish to die:

And when he held the mirror to his face,

And re-arranged his comely locks unkempt,

Fierce joy sat on his brow: he looked as one

Of that bright host that fell from Heavenly joys,

But felt that Hell had some, and meant to taste
them.

Quick voyage brought Sir DRU unto his home: Gav smiles, and gay-clothed Beauty welcomed him Gay was his greeting to his lovely wife: Prepare the feast, sweet girl! let music sound! Bring the Burgundian's flask: these gauzy robes. Such as they wear when SALADIN makes light His warlike soul with dances of fair girls. Will well become one fairer than the fairest That wanders on CIRCASSIA'S grove clad hills: So, day and night, the revelry went on, With senses not exhausted: love untired. Who owned so fair a mistress as Sir DRU? Who made his lovely plaything such rare gifts? But with cold smile, each morning, by the glass That mirrored her soft innocent blue eyes, He laid two gold bezants: a month passed by; And then he left his home: not to return: For the Crusader died by ASCALON.

#### SONG.

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- I LOOK not towards the setting Sun, though soft his fading light;
- I look where shadows Eastward creep, where falls the silent night:
- My Father and my Mother sleep; and fled another day; And none can see my bitter tears for one who's far away:
  - Tears, bitter tears, pour unrestrained; the boundless wild wood's moan
  - Makes melody that seems to speak to my sad heart alone:
- The waves, that sing their sorrows, perchance have laved the shore,
- Dear Scotland's foam-struck islands, that I shall see no more
- No more! sad word: they told me that in our newfound home,
- Across the broad Atlantic's wave, new joys, new cares would come:
- That Duty would console for Love; oh! falsely, falsely told!
- For Love, sad passion, deep as Death, and as Creation old:
- His signs are here, a fading cheek, a wan and wasted form,

Oh! would that Summer's Sun was gone; oh! welcome Winter's storm:

Oh, Winter! bear across the seas, upon thy chilling blast,

To him I love, my parting sigh, the deepest and the last.

## LAYS OF LONDON.

#### VII.

St. James's Street.

## A Chronicle of Crockford's.

THE DERBY is lost, and the DERBY is won;
The Race of all Races has come and is gone;
So homeward each whirls, whether loser and sad,
Or winner of "flimsies" with countenance glad:

When in ROME a grand Triumph enlivened the Road, That leads to the Victor's Imperial abode, "Via Sacra" they called it; so multitudes greet The Winners who climb up St. James' holy Street.

"Thou art mortal!" still whispers a voice in each ear: Some have paid for life's whistle uncommonly dear; As at CROCKFORD's they glance, 'twixt a sigh and a frown

Some remember, won money's not always one's own:

On the eve of the DERBY a whisper had spread, A ridiculous rumour that "CROCKY" was dead; A tale that had faded ere brightened the looks Of the "Jeunesse dorée" who were deep in his books.

There he sits, in a window, as four-year-old fresh; Rather paler than usual, but still in the flesh; With Nugee's best surtout, and a faultless cravat; Some old friends he salutes; to some touches his hat.

No choice but to pay; all the winners are known; To the usurer's dovecot the "fimsies" have flown; And the payers ne'er knew, till a twelvemonth had sped,

That the man in the window was "Crocky," but—dead.

## AN EVENING AT THUN.

"D'vou think him like me?" "Yes, I do."
A simple question and reply;
The object spoken of a child,
Who chased a flitting butterfly.

The speaker seemed a Parson, black
And somewhat grimy; I could note
His seedy clothes, and I had watched
Him feeding at the table d'hôte.

'Twas in the garden that he spoke, While rattled still the vulgar din Of brutes who eat and drank their fill In Mr. KNECHTENHOFER's inn;

We strolled towards the river's bend,
Where Thun's blue lake lay at our feet;
Whence you may watch the pink Alps fade,
We found, you know the place, a seat.

- "You think him like me; I am glad;
  "I see your quick-perceiving glance;
  "I'll tell you why I asked you; say,
  "Can you endure my dull romance?
- "Yon rosy hilltop might supply
  "A moral, but 'tis far too trite;
  "'Tis rosy red, but soon 'twill fade,
  "Like Happiness: yes, now 'tis white.
- "I am a Parson; in this place,
  "Five years ago, when on a trip,
  "I met a girl; I loved her; all
  "My goods I placed in that one ship.
- "I met her in the very room
  "In which we dined just now; a chance;
  "A change of seats; she sat by me;
  "I think she made the first advance;

- "'Twas slight; we met again: enough;
  "I knew what I had never known,
  "That I could love with desperate love;
- "That I could love with desperate love; "Short wooing; and she was my own.
- "We lived in a suburban box;
  "I had not then my present cure;
  "I felt I'd won Life's greatest prize,
- "I felt I'd won Life's greatest prize,
  "A woman gentle, bright, and pure.
- "I loved; yes, you can tell how much; "I've not a sentimental look;
- "But you can read me; you have turned "Your page, I think, in Love's dread book:
- "No need for me to dwell, and seek
  "To paint my feeling; she, my wife,
- "Was Hope, Belief, the last, the first,
  "The one sole passion of my life.
- "Her ways were blameless, truthful, good,
  "Calm as yon slumb'ring lake's chill breast;
- "And, if no raptures met my fire,
  "I felt such Love would last; 'twas best.
- "Yon child was born; and from that day
  "She smiled but little: I could see,
- "With selfish joy, that her first-born
  - "Had not estranged her heart from me.

- "Six months and she was dead; and Death
  "Had better then have struck me down;
  "And so 'the dark-house and the whip,'
  "As Shakespeare says, I had not known.
- "For twelve long months I raved in chains,
  "And never saw the light of day;
  "Yes! I have been a madman; how
  "I came so, learn; a simple way.
- "In the bright morning I had laid
  "Her wasted body in the tomb;
  "I sought, with gentlest steps and slow,
  "And pausing oft to pray, her room:
- "The scene is in my memory fixed;
  "The sunbright river, and the trees,
  "Yellow laburnums, lilacs grey,
  "Fragrant in the Spring morning's breeze:
- "Her desk was locked; sad task; but yet
  "Unhallowed hands should not profane;
  "Twas mine to search, to burn, to save;
  "Some sweet fond records must remain.
- "Yes, there they lay, so neatly placed;
  "A packet tied with ribbon blue;
  "My letters from our earliest days
  "Of courtship, ranged in order due:

- "They were not many; but I saw "Another packet by their side:
- "I recollect the second one
  - "Was with a yellow ribbon tied.
- "Whose words were these? not mine; no name
  - "Was signed: oh God! I read and read
- "For hours, as in a dream; each word
  - "I clearly saw; then Reason fled.
- "The letters showed me that the love
  - "I thought was mine I never had;
- "They showed me that my seeming Saint
  - "Was false, and foul, and base, and bad:
- "They showed me, for the dates were there,
  "That not a moment was she mine:
- "Before I knew her she was his:
- "I had been trapped by his design:
- "Enough! yon icy peak shines cold
  - "And changeless in the moon's pale ray;
- "Here I shall watch the short still night;
  - "I cannot sleep till early day.
- "Farewell! we may not meet again
  - "In Life's dull, weary, winding vale;
- "Forgive me for my woes, and thanks "For listening to the Parson's tale."

# " Shadows, not substantial Things."

SYLPHS that on the moonbeams dance. Whom 'lated travellers meet by chance. Or frolic Fairies, when their feet Many a mazy dance repeat, Leading wanderers weary chase, Shifting their wished-for resting-place: Gay they march o'er mossy banks, Circling right and left their ranks: Mock their shadows, each her own, Hide beneath some silvered stone: Follow all caprice and whim, Dip in pools each dainty limb; Now the tops of trees they climb. Pelting berries of the lime, Swing from branch to branch in turn, Or light upon some sculptured urn Marking where a garden gate Men forbids to penetrate: There 'mid formal beds they sport, And yew-trees curiously wrought; On the sundial's polished face Round and round the circle trace;

Now to the gnomon's point they climb, Mocking the Moon's mistaken time: Ouick, amidst the dew-lit grass, From blade to shining blade they pass; Now they every haunt explore: Vainly the field-mouse shuts his door: Looking where's the rabbit's down. (White and greyly-shaded brown,) Peeping they watch, themselves unseen, The furry family within; Then, tripping out, each wanton sprite Pursues a separate delight. One seeks the spots where strawberries grow, And runs between each leafy row, Disturbing meal of many a snail; Scaling the fruit-wall nail by nail; Pressing the peach's downy cheek, And nectarine pierced by black-bird's beak; Climbs the gooseberry's prickly stalk; Or loiters on the bordered walk: Basks at ease in chilly light; Watches the sleepless beetle's flight. One, springing to the wind-vane high, Glistening in golden panoply, On wood and clover-field looks round, And listens to the baying hound. Here can be seen the cottage white, Its walls reflecting far the light, While round its porch, with petals close,

# 150 "Shadows, not substantial Things."

Droops in sweet sleep the clustering rose. One, leaping to the gable's height. Beckons up his fellow sprite; They through the open lattice peep, Gaze where Beauty lies asleep. Moon-silvered rests her golden head: Scarlet curtains drape her bed: Her white arms bare; with softest grasp The dimpled hands each other clasp; Smiles of Heaven upon her cheek Of dreams that heave her bosom speak. Blessed visions from above. Innocence that dreams of Love. There may you view yon Church's tower, Fit object for this silent hour; Chancel, and nave, and ruined aisle, It stands a time-ennobled pile. Each shadow thrown by mullion quaint. Or goblin horned, or long-robed Saint, Is seen distinct in every part, As if placed there by painter's art; And grave-stones, traced with pious line. Now with a transient brightness shine. As turn by turn in light displayed, Then hidden by the creeping shade. While on the graveyard rests the eye, Imagination can supply Phantoms, that seem to move along In scarce distinguishable throng;

Each in a various-fashioned shroud. A sad and long-forgotted crowd; Leaving their vaults and charnels deep, Roused from a long unbroken sleep: Eight hundred years have silent passed, Since they into those graves were cast, In armour clad as they were slain, Rough gear! but quiet have they lain; Since NORMAN ROBERT'S venturous son In HASTINGS battle victory won. Another group behind is seen, With prouder port, and loftier mien; A banner in their midst is raised. With the REDEEMER's cross emblazed: They seem to tell of deeds long done By each, beneath an eastern Sun; Of captured town, and PAYNIM slain, Whose foot befouled the sacred fane: And laughing at each lawless freak, Of RICHARD, and of Lewis speak. Another crowd, of larger size, Look each at each with vengeful eyes, Though many a mark of kindred there Is seen in features young and fair: Of gentle blood the phantoms seem, Some to be brothers you would deem; But hatred, bitter, unrepressed, Still burns in every shadowy breast; Distinct and full the moon-light shows

# 152 "Shadows, not substantial Things."

Embroidered on each breast a Rose, Some red, some white; each still has faith His cause was just, ev'n after death. What is yon form? yon flickering light More than the reddening Orient bright? What flames are these? what lifted hands, Charred, writhing flesh, and fetter-bands? Still, o'er those fading features pale, True Hope and fearless Faith prevail; And seeks, amid the rose-lit sky, The Martyr's Crown his glazing eye.

## LAYS OF LONDON.

IX.

### The Tower.

A POET, a Painter, a Parson, one day Through the cab-bethrong'd purlieus of Town to their way,

To where Julius's Towers still frown;
A Palace, a Prison, where man-mocking Fate
With finger of blood, as we pass through the gate
Still points to the Block and the Crown.

On thoughts mediæval the Parson was bent,
The Painter to ransack the Armoury went,
Where sit panoplied Knights in a row;
While the Poet, though listless observant, explores
Each staircase so gloomy, and iron-clamped doors,
Deep cut with the records of Woe.

At length in a corner, unnoticed, he spied
A something that hung with no card by its side,
And if what it was you should ask,
'Twas a thing with two ears, such as donkeys display,
And beneath them a face with colour once gay,
In short 'twas an iron-bound Mask.

'Twas a Mask, that in times when the faggot and stake

Persuaded poor fools from their errors to wake,
And grillered them à la minute,
Was bound on each shrieking unfortunate's face,
With a view to conceal from the crowd his grimace,
And the sighs of Compassion make mute.

Oh! such, thought the Poet, the mask that we wear, By the world and its emptiest wretches placed there, Whom to torture and burn they delight; The bright godlike features of Genius they hide; The false face of a Satyr they fix and deride; And Love by deep Hatred requite.

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#### CONFESSIO AMATI.

Scene. The Messroom, St. James's Palace.

LORD ALCIB., M.P. CAPTAIN AND LIEUT.-COL.
BLINKER.

Col. B. Will you have a cigar?

Lord A. No, thanks, I don't smoke:

I am sorry I don't.

Col. B. Give the fire a good poke:

You are not in a hurry?

Lord A. I've paired till eleven,

The bores will have finished by then, I thank Heaven.

Col. B. You enjoy, though, the House:

Lord A. Yes, no one does more.

Col. B. A wise choice you have made; old age is a bore.

But less to the Statesman than any.

Lord A. You're right,

To hear Lansdowne at eighty, I've waited all night:

Years seem not to count: this you cannot say,

In Love or in War: 'tis the only metier

For a man now, rely on't; though not what it was

In the days of wax candles: this levelling gas,

And railways, and thorough fares flagged with bitumen

Though convenient, are shutting us out, and the new men,

'Middle-aged and untaught, cannot master the art Of governing wisely with head and with heart. While I think of it, tell me that Subaltern's name Who sat on my left.

Col. B. With the light hair?

Lord A. The same.

Col. B. That was -

Lord A. I'll remember him; nothing so hard To keep fixed in your brain as young faces: on guard

I meet half-a-dozen, who all will know me To the end of my days, and whose judgment will be Most severe, because, wishing to be most polite,

I shall see each unknowing, some day or some night

Sad fate of a Swell: from a height one's not sought One is told one looks down, when one has not a thought

Of finery, vulgar and useless, and shown
But by snobs; to a gentleman's manners unknown.

Col. B. I like your Philosophy, manly and true:

Most men I find bores: I can listen to you,

As I smoke this peculiarly gentle Havanna;

I love Wisdom conveyed in colloquial manner: Tell me one thing I've always intended to ask,

But deferred it; behind our Society's mask

you have peeped more than most men; now say, in the case

Such as yours, of bright wit, and a most handsome face,

These must give you with women a wonderful pull;
I myself am ——— ugly, and usually dull;
I should like very much now to hear from your lips

A few cases: you have upon your finger tips A dozen.

Lord A. Why yes, I could tell you strange tales, To which most you have read of in history pales; But this would not do; you might guess at the names; And no fair one's renown, neither damsel's nor dame's, Shall e'er suffer by me; but I'll tell you the wrong And the desolate fate that to Beauty belong; I mean a man's beauty: you think les beaux yeux Have a wondrous advantage; un homme dangereux Has been always your dream.

Col. B. You're quite right, I would give Twenty years of my life, just for two years to live The life that you've led.

Lord A. You're completely mistaken; When I've told my sad tale your belief will be shaken As to luck or success, or, in short, bonnes fortunes. This is one of the proofs of how equal the boons That to mortals are given; I need not relate All the Venom, and Envy, and Slander, and Hate, Poured forth by the low, the neglected, the dull, Who would kill if they dared. When on these you've supped full,

They bring you indifference. No, 'tis the fame
That even malice must yield you; the conquering
name

That makes your path dismal. Some Miss or Mylady You fancy a little; they're done for already In the eyes of the world; a short tête-à-tête, Mild, pure, and Platonic; some mischievous Fate Brings a tabby to call "You know what's occurred, "Lord A. Lady B." "Is it true?" "On my word;

"I found them together just now; it's gone on

"For some time, so I hear;" and you find your-self done.

The relations rush in. "What is this that we've heard?"

" No doubt your wife's good, and 'tis very absurd

" To be over particular what the world says,

"Still, my son, though I would not for millions dispraise

"Your friend, my Lord A., I should sadly deplore

"If your dear wife be blamed. Keep him outside your door."

In all this I am blameless; I like my friend B.;

I think his wife silly; pure civility

Induced me to call; and behold the result!

I believe too that Deus quum perdere vult

Closes up heart and eyes for the real defaulter,

And fits for some innocent collar the halter.

Col. B. Supposing her plain, and him a good fellow.

Lord A. "A ciascuno uccello suo nido e bello."
Besides, to see only the ugly is hard;
One may love Beauty honestly, and to be barred
From all that's neat-headed must stir up one's splee
I tell you, alone with a wife I've not been
For years. And all this without shadow of reasor
'Tis not as if I had been caught in some treason:
To the whisper of Slander I've not given cause,
I've the deepest regard for Society's laws.
Besides, I'm too lazy: 'tis best to say no:
It saves so much trouble; le jeu, too, ne vaut
Pas la chandelle; 'believe me.

Col. B. However, in life
Surely Beauty must tell; in the struggle and strift
A woman's a friend who can help if she chooses.

Lord A. Agreed; and I've found that she new

refuses,

But Woman, you know, only rules by persuasion, Very few have the tact to discern the occasion. Desdemona's beseechments cost Cassio his life, Although he'd no love for the Moor's pretty wife "Framed to make women false;" so he doe thinks Othello.

All his innocence thus did not save the poor fellow A woman who's caught in a blush or a glance Deprives you for ever of every chance. By this I've been thwarted again and again, Where my path to promotion was open and plain. To a Minister's wife you perchance give your arm

To make her a friend, never dreaming of harm.

The next time you meet the great man he is dry,

Gives a glance of suspicion, you cannot tell why:

All your hopes disappear: thank your dangerous fame,

And perchance some faint preference felt by the dame.

Col. B. But surely by Vanity 'tis compensated?

Lord A. No; after a dozen or so you're quite sated;

Besides, I'm not vain: how I wish that I were! Life would be one long feast: not a meal of despair: However, I'll check this lugubrious strain:

No pleasures, trust me, are like those of the plain!

Col. B. I believe that you think it, but how can
it he so?

Lord A. You know δὸς που στῶ καὶ κόσμον κινήσω. Archimedes spoke truth: you have got the που στῶ No husband suspects you; wherever you go All boudoirs are open.

Col. B. That's poor satisfaction,

When I know I can offer no sort of attraction:

Lord A. Stuff, stuff; to the most, as they say in the west,

A man is a man, and the nearest the best:

With "that plague for thy dowry" I'll wish you by-bye.

Col. B. In spite of all this, I should just like to try
The effect of a change, say for six months or so.

Lord A. Better stay as you are: I suppose that you go

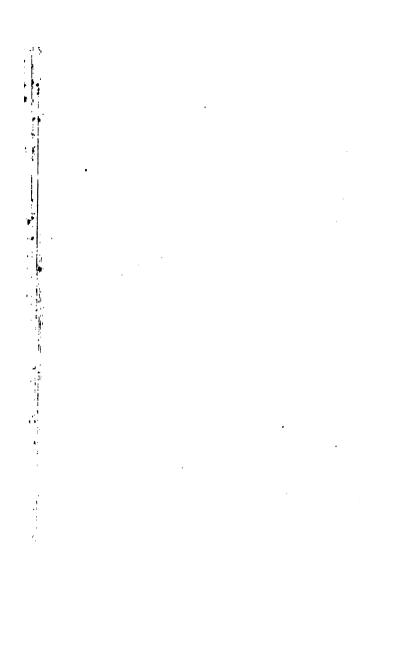
To the Queen's ball to-morrow: we'll have some more talk.

Col. B. Shall I send for a cab?

Lord A. No, I thank you, I'll walk.

THE END.

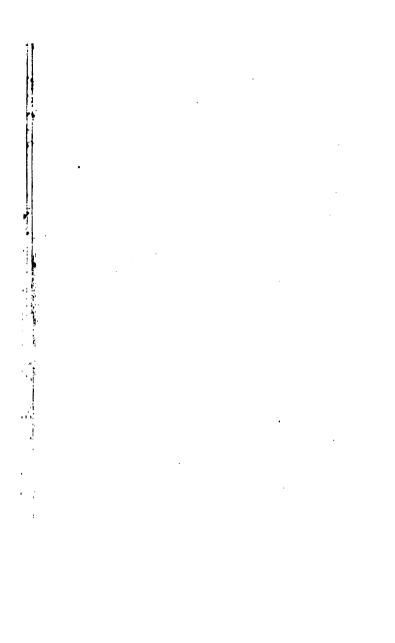
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